



CHINESE LITERATURE

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Usher In the Great 1970's

— 1970 New Year's Day editorial of "Renmin Ribao," "Hongqi" and "Jiefangjun Bao"

The 1950's is over. The proletarian and other revolutionary people of the world have proudly stepped into the great 1970's with militant strides.

Keeping the whole globe in view and looking ahead into the future, the people of all nationalities in our country are full of excitement, and from the bottom of their hearts they wish Chairman Mao, our great leader and the revolutionary teacher of the proletariat, a long, long life!

Early in the 1960's Chairman Mao pointed out with great foresight: "The next 50 to 100 years or so, beginning from now, will be a great era of radical change in the social system throughout the world, an earth-shaking era without equal in any previous historical period."

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The history of the 1960's has powerfully testified to this great prediction by Chairman Mao.

The past decade has been a decade in which **the enemy rots with every passing day, while for us things are getting better daily**, a decade in which Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought has been engaged in open polemics and fierce struggles with modern revisionism and won great victories, and a decade which has seen a vigorous development of the great struggle waged by the revolutionary people of the world against imperialism headed by the United States, modern revisionism with Soviet revisionism as its centre and the reactionaries of various countries.

In the past decade, under new conditions, the revolutionary movement of the proletariat and the broad masses of the people **has swept the world with the momentum of an avalanche and the force of a thunderbolt**. The national-liberation movement has advanced in surging tides. Revolutionary Marxist-Leninist political Parties and organizations have grown daily in the course of struggle. Capitalism is irretrievably on the decline while socialism thrives with irresistible force. The great socialist China towers like a giant in the East. Albania, the beacon of socialism in Europe, shines ever more brightly. The heroic Vietnamese people with their iron fists have badly battered U.S. imperialism. The great truth **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun"** set forth by Chairman Mao has been inspiring the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America in their armed struggle on an ever broader scale. The dyke of the colonial system of imperialism has been falling off one part after another. The raging flames of revolution have already engulfed the "heartlands" of imperialism. The financial and monetary crises shaking the West and the ever deteriorating and deepening economic crises have landed capitalist economy in a still more hopeless state. The old world is tottering with volcanoes erupting and crowns falling to

the ground one after another. Nowhere on the globe can imperialism find a "tranquil oasis" any more.

Not long after it had climbed to the position of the overlord of world capitalism after World War II, U.S. imperialism tumbled down from its zenith. It has engaged in arms expansion and war preparations, committed aggression and built military bases everywhere, putting so many nooses round its own neck, which are being tightened by the people of the world. In the United States which claims to be the "richest" country in the world, tens of millions of people are increasingly suffering from poverty and hunger. The reactionary U.S. rulers are sitting on thorns in the face of the struggle waged by the proletariat and the masses of the people of the United States against monopoly capital and the Afro-American struggle against violent repression. None of the masters of the White House has found a panacea to save U.S. imperialism from its decline. The Wall Street bosses, who boastfully described the twentieth century as "the American century," now helplessly lament that the United States has entered its "difficult years." The rapid decline of U.S. imperialism strikingly demonstrates that the capitalist system is already in the grip of a new and most acute general crisis.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique — the centre of modern revisionism — is heading for total bankruptcy at an accelerated tempo. Khrushchov the clown, who swaggered like a conquering hero not long ago, is now a heap of dirt beneath the contempt of mankind. His successors Brezhnev and company are faring even worse and their conditions deteriorating year after year; they are saddled with crises both at home and abroad. They are enforcing fascist dictatorship at home and carrying out aggression and expansion abroad. This has completely revealed their features as social-imperialists and aroused the mounting opposition

of the people in the Soviet Union and other countries. The emergence of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism is but an episode in the course of imperialism heading for total collapse. It can avert neither the downfall of the entire imperialist system, nor its own destruction. In the final analysis, the so-called "Brezhnev doctrine" is nothing but a variation of moribund neo-colonialism.

In contrast with the plight of the declining enfeebled imperialism and social-imperialism, socialist China under the leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao has become even more consolidated, prosperous, powerful and vigorous. Chairman Mao has personally led our Party in unfolding, together with the Marxist-Leninists of the world, the great polemics against modern revisionism, and this has prepared conditions for even greater victories of the world proletarian revolution ideologically, theoretically and politically. The victory of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao has shattered the dreams of the imperialists and revisionists for the restoration of capitalism in China and opened up, in the history of the international communist movement, a bright road for consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat and carrying the socialist revolution through to the end. The great Mao Tsetung Thought has been disseminated among the 700 million people on an unprecedented scale. The far-reaching historic influence of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China is more and more manifest. Our great socialist motherland has become a powerful political force of our time in the struggle against imperialism and revisionism; it has become the most reliable friend of the proletariat of all countries and of all oppressed people and nations as well as the hope of the world revolution.

The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history. Through the great up-

heaval, great division and great reorganization in the 1960's, the revolutionary forces of the world have grown and the alignment of classes has become clear. The new development of the fundamental contradictions of the world will inevitably continue to give rise to revolution. The 1970's will be years in which the storms of the people's revolution will rise still more vigorously throughout the world, years in which the collapse of imperialism will be hastened in the midst of countless contradictions, and will be important years in which the revolutionary forces of the world will wage fierce battles against the counter-revolutionary forces which are struggling desperately. U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism can never escape their doom no matter how they collude with each other and contend for spheres of influence, no matter how many schemes and tricks they resort to and what kind of wars of aggression they launch. They will not last long.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **China ought to have made a greater contribution to humanity.** Under the leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao, our great Party, great people, great country and great army can surely fulfil the glorious mission assigned us by history and will never fail to live up to the hope placed on us by the people of the world. In the new year, the whole Party, the whole army and the people of the whole country should rally still more closely around the Party Central Committee with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, arm themselves with Mao Tsetung Thought still better and use Chairman Mao's great strategic thinking of **"Heighten our vigilance, defend the motherland," "Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people"** to push forward and examine the struggle-criticism-transformation movement. They should guard against arrogance and rashness and fulfil

still better and faster the fighting tasks set forth by the Ninth National Congress of the Party.

At present, the mass movement of struggle-criticism-transformation is deepening on all fronts. The proletarian policies put forward by Chairman Mao are being further carried out in an all-round way. New things of the proletariat with boundless vitality are emerging everywhere. We should integrate the great mass movement for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought with the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation. We should firmly grasp the struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines as the key link, and carry out the fundamental task of consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat in all the units at the basic level. We should continue to unfold revolutionary mass criticism to eliminate the remaining poisonous influence of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line pushed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. In the ideological and cultural fields, we should hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and continue to wipe out the ideological influence of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes; in the political field, we should do a good job of purifying the class ranks according to the Party's policies and strengthen the dictatorship over the handful of counter-revolutionary forces; and in the economic field, we should consolidate and develop the socialist economic base and, in a planned way, deal blows at the corrosive and sabotaging activities of the bourgeoisie. We should carry on the revolution in education, scientific research, literature and art, the press, public health and other fields perseveringly and in a deep-going way to achieve new success and gain new experience.

During the Ninth Party Congress Chairman Mao pointed out time and again: **"It is imperative to grasp typical cases well."** **"As regards the entire work it is necessary first to**

grasp well one-third of it." We must resolutely carry out this extremely important instruction of Chairman Mao's, make over-all plans and actively and carefully fulfil all tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation by stages and in groups and in a deep-going and meticulous way.

On the basis of purifying the class ranks it is necessary to grasp firmly the work of Party consolidation and building. Using Chairman Mao's great theory on continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat to build our Party is the basic guarantee for developing the great victory of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and a matter of vital and far-reaching importance to the further consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Throughout the process of Party consolidation and building, we must give first place to the ideological consolidation of the Party, conscientiously study the new Party Constitution, conscientiously educate the Party members and the activists who ask to join the Party in the theory of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought on Party, and the relationship between the leader, the political Party, the political power, the class and the masses and criticize the Right or ultra-Left bourgeois reactionary trends of thought. We must correctly handle the work of **"getting rid of the stale and taking in the fresh."** Every Communist Party member must examine himself and thoroughly remould his own world outlook in the light of Chairman Mao's instructions and the requirements set in the new Party Constitution.

With the deep-going development of struggle-criticism-transformation, a new high tide of industrial and agricultural production is emerging. The leadership at all levels must stand at the head of the mass movement and implement in an all-round way the general line of **"going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism"** put forward by

Chairman Mao and his great instruction **"grasp revolution, promote production and other work and preparedness against war"** so that the movement advances along the course of Mao Tsetung Thought in a deep-going and sustained way. So long as we give full scope to the initiative of the working class, the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary intellectuals, unite all the forces that can be united with and bring into full play the superiority of the socialist system, our country will be able to catch up with and surpass the advanced world levels in industrial and agricultural production and in science and technology. The principles of **"self-reliance"** and **"hard struggle"** set forth by Chairman Mao should be put into practice in every province, every county, every basic unit and every undertaking. It is necessary to investigate and study the problems that concern policy in economic work. In making plans, **it is essential to mobilize the masses and see to it that there is enough leeway.**

Chairman Mao recently pointed out: **"People of the world, unite and oppose the war of aggression launched by any imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparations should be made right now!"**

This great instruction of Chairman Mao's, with Marxist-Leninist far-sightedness, indicates the orientation of struggle for the people of the world and is of far-reaching historic and practical significance. Imperialism means war. The people of the world must heighten their revolutionary vigilance a hundredfold! The whole Chinese people must heighten their revolutionary vigilance a hundredfold! We must be fully prepared both ideologically and materially. The centralized leadership of the Party must be strengthen-

ed. The leading organs at various levels must go a step further and achieve proletarian revolutionization ideologically, organizationally and in working style, and apply the policy of "better troops and simpler administration" so as to suit the needs of preparedness against war. We must consolidate and perfect the revolutionary committees at various levels, continue to strengthen the revolutionary great alliance and the revolutionary "three-in-one" combination and unite in the common struggle against the enemy. It is necessary to strengthen the unity between the army and the people and between the army and the government. The Chinese People's Liberation Army should continue to carry forward its glorious revolutionary tradition and the spirit of serving the people whole-heartedly and continue to do a good job of the "three supports and two militaries" (i.e., support industry, support agriculture, support the broad masses of the Left, military control, political and military training) and should make further progress politically and militarily; it must persevere in giving prominence to proletarian politics, implement the "four goods" (i.e., good in political and ideological work, in the "three-eight" working style, in military training and in arranging everyday life) in an all-round way, enhance its fighting capabilities and be ready at all times to win new merits in defending our great socialist motherland.

It has long been our consistent policy to develop diplomatic relations with all countries on the basis of the Five Principles of Peaceful Co-existence, but on no account can we tolerate the invasion and occupation of our sacred territory by any imperialism or social-imperialism. We are determined to liberate Taiwan — the sacred territory of our motherland! If imperialism and social-imperialism dare to invade our country, we will resolutely drown them in the vast ocean of people's war!

The revolution is forging ahead and the people are marching forward. The dawn of a new world without imperialism, without capitalism and without the system of exploitation is ahead! Workers of all countries, unite! Proletarians and oppressed people and nations of the world, unite! **Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory!**

Long live the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China!

Long live the invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought!

Long live our great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

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**Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung and his close comrade-in-arms
Vice-Chairman Lin Biao**

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

Revolutionary culture is a powerful revolutionary weapon for the broad masses of the people. It prepares the ground ideologically before the revolution comes and is an important, indeed essential, fighting front in the general revolutionary front during the revolution.

— *On New Democracy*

If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other.

— *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*

"HONGQI" EDITOR'S NOTE: The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, carefully revised, perfected and polished to the last detail with our great leader Chairman Mao's loving care, now glitters with surpassing splendour. Here we publish the script of the opera as was staged in Peking in October 1969 and recommend it to worker, peasant and soldier readers at all posts. All theatrical troupes should take this as the standard version when they present the opera.

Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy

(October 1969 script)

Revised collectively by the "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy"
Group of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai

CAST

Yang Tzu-jung	scout platoon leader of the Chinese People's Liberation Army (PLA)
Shao Chien-po	PLA regimental chief of staff
Li Yung-chi	railway worker
Chang Pao	hunter's daughter
Shen Teh-hua	PLA scout platoon deputy leader
Medical Orderly	PLA girl medical orderly
Young Kuo	PLA guard
Chung Chih-cheng	PLA soldier
Lu Hung-yeh	PLA soldier

This translation is based on the text published in *Hongqi*, No. 11, 1969. The 1967 stage version of the opera appeared under the title of *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* in *Chinese Literature*, No. 8, 1967.

Lo Chang-chiang PLA soldier
Other soldiers

Hunter Chang Chang Pao's father
Mother Li Li Yung-chi's mother
Chang Ta-shan railway worker
Li Yung-chi's wife
Other villagers

Vulture bandit chieftain of Tiger Mountain, leader of Kuomintang's
"Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade of the Eastern Heilung-
kiang Region"

Luan Ping liaison adjutant under Horse Cudgel Hsu, bandit chieftain of
Breast Mountain

Bandit Chief of Staff
Bandit Chief Adjutant
Bandit Captain
"Terribles" and other bandits

SCENE ONE

ADVANCING IN VICTORY

Winter, 1946. A snowy forest in northeast China.

(A PLA pursuit detachment in battle array, a red flag at its head, enters swiftly. The fighters execute a dance depicting their march against the wind along a snow-covered mountain trail.)

Lo: Halt!

(The men form ranks.)

Lo: Report, Chief of Staff. We've come to a fork in the road.

Shao: We'll rest here.

Lo: Right. Lu Hung-yeh!

Lu: Here.

Lo: Stand guard!

Lu: Right. *(Exit.)*

Lo: We'll rest here.

Other soldiers: Right.

(Young Kuo hands Shao a map. Shao examines it and then looks at the terrain.)

Lo: Supply Chief! We'll rest here.

(A voice responds: "We'll rest here!" Horses neigh. The men stamp their feet to warm up and knock off the snow from their capes.)

Shao: You must be tired, comrades?

Soldiers: Not at all.

Shao: Good. Comrades Yang Tzu-jung and Shen Teh-hua are scouting up ahead. We've arranged to meet them here. The regiment Party Committee sent us as a pursuit detachment into this snowy forest in accordance with Chairman Mao's directive **"Build stable base areas in the northeast."** Our job is to arouse the masses in the Mutanchiang area, wipe out the bandits, consolidate the rear, co-ordinate with our field army and smash the U.S.-backed Kuomintang attacks. It's a task of great strategic importance. That Vulture and his die-hard gang have hidden themselves deep in the mountains. We've been drudging through the snow for days, but there's still no sign of them. We must display our style of continuous fighting. *(Decisively)* **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty —**

Shao and soldiers: **To win victory."**

(Lu Hung-yeh enters.)

Lu: Report! Platoon Leader Yang and Comrade Shen are back.

(The two enter and salute.)

Yang: Report!

Shao: Comrade Tzu-jung, you have had a tiring job.

Yang: We went out in disguise, according to orders, and on our way we rescued a boy — a mute, in an isolated ravine. Thanks to his father's directions, we reached a little hamlet called Black Dragon Valley. Our investigations there put us on the trail of the Vulture.

Shao: Excellent!

Yang (sings "*hsi pi yao pan*"*): This section is infested with bandits.
They call themselves "Third Regiment of the Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade."

Last night they pillaged Black Dragon Valley.

(Changes to "*kuai pan*")

Vulture, vicious and cruel, has committed monstrous crimes.

After their pillage they fled to Chiapi Valley,

I think they have returned to Tiger Mountain.

Shao: We're on the Vulture's trail, comrades. We must press on.
Lo Chang-chiang!

Lo: Here.

Shao: We'll camp at Black Dragon Valley tonight.

Lo: Right.

Shao: Comrade Tzu-jung!

Yang: Here.

Shao: We need more information on the enemy. Take Comrades
Shen Teh-hua....

Shen: Here.

Shao: Chung Chih-cheng!

Chung: Here.

Shao: And Lu Hung-yeh!

Lu: Here!

Shao: And do some more scouting.

Yang: Right.

Shao: Be off now.

(Dramatic pose.)

(Curtain)

**Hsi pi yao pan* and other similar terms found in the text such as *kuai pan*, *hsi pi*, *hsiao tao pan*, *erb huang man pan*, *erb huang erb liu*, *liu shui* and *bui lung*, are various styles of singing in Peking opera. Each has its own fixed tune, structure, mode, rhythm and tempo. Modern revolutionary Peking opera has critically assimilated various styles of singing from traditional Peking opera with many creative improvements to suit the portrayal of proletarian heroes.

SCENE TWO

CHIAPI VALLEY PILLAGED

Dusk. The edge of the village Chiapi Valley. A withered tree stands slanting by the side and crags lie in the gully.

(The routed bandit gang of the Kuomintang "Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade" is retreating to its lair. Passing by Chiapi Valley, Vulture, the bandit chieftain, peeps at the village.)

Bandit Chief Adjutant: On our way back this time we've made off with quite a pile, Chief. This village is right on our doorstep. We ought to leave it alone.

Bandit Chief of Staff: That's right, as the saying goes, "A rabbit doesn't foul its own hole."

Vulture: Who cares? Chief of Staff, go and grab me some of those paupers. We'll put them to work building fortifications. Men and women — both of them.

Bandit Chief of Staff (takes hint): Yes, sir.

(He leaves with the bandit gang for the village. The adjutant starts to go too, but Vulture stops him.)

Vulture: I say, it must be nearly ten days since Howling Wolf went off to find Luan Ping, isn't it?

Bandit Chief Adjutant: That's it, I'm getting worried about this too.

Vulture: The first thing we'll do when we get back to Tiger Mountain is expand our forces.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Yes. If Howling Wolf can find Luan Ping and get his hands on Horse Cudgel Hsu's Contacts Map, the whole Mutanchiang area will belong to us.

Vulture: I hear Commissioner Hou is also looking all over for that map. We mustn't let him get it.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Don't worry, Chief. Howling Wolf and Luan Ping are sworn brothers. That map won't fly away.

Vulture: You know, openly the Americans are pretending to be working for peace talks between the Kuomintang and the Communists, but actually they help Chiang Kai-shek on the sly, transporting soldiers north for him. I hear Chiang Kai-shek has turned up in Shenyang, taking personal charge of the fighting. They want to wipe out all the Communist troops north and south of the Great Wall in three months. Our chance has come, it seems to me.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Fine. When the Kuomintang army returns, you'll be made commander of all northern Manchuria. First it was Marshal Chang, then the Manchoukuo of the Japanese, and now the Kuomintang of Chiang Kai-shek. None of them could do without you. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Vulture: Ha! Ha! Ha!

(Dogs bark in the village. Vulture swaggers off with Bandit Chief Adjutant in the direction of the village. Flames leap up and shouting is heard.)

(Li Yung-chi enters hurriedly, carrying a hunting rifle and some game.)

Yung-chi (*sings "hsi pi hsiao tao pan"*):

Flames leap to the sky and people shout,

(Changes to "kuai pan")

Mothers call to their sons, children cry for their mothers;

Again the bandits burn, kill and rob,

I'll have it out with them though I die.

(Bandits enter dragging villagers, young men and women bound by ropes.

Li Yung-chi fights with the bandits while the young people are beaten by the bandits and dragged off.)

(Yung-chi's wife is pulled on, followed by her mother-in-law holding her baby. Bandit Captain snatches the infant and throws it over the cliff.

Yung-chi, furious, attacks bandits desperately. His left arm is hurt.)

(Vulture enters and shoots at Yung-chi.)

Yung-chi's wife: Yung-chi! *(Flings herself to cover him and falls dead.)*

(Vulture and the other bandits exit.)

Yung-chi (*heart-broken and enraged, gazes at his wife*): Baby's ma . . . baby's ma . . .

Mother Li (*rushing over, overwhelmed by grief*): Daughter-in-law . . .

Yung-chi (*sings "hsi pi kuai pan"*):

Disaster comes like a bolt from the blue,

Fury burns in my breast;

I swear that I shall avenge —

You Vulture!

I'll hack you to pieces for this blood debt.

(He starts to go for Vulture. Bandits swarm on, and tie him up. He struggles with all his might.)

Mother Li: Yung-chi!

Yung-chi: Mother!

(Yung-chi is taken away.)

Yung-chi: Mother! Mother!

Mother Li (*following in on her knees*): Yung-chi!

(Curtain)

SCENE THREE

ASKING ABOUT BITTERNESS

Afternoon. A remote mountain valley. In a small log cabin bowls and chopsticks lie in disarray on a table.

(Chang Pao is clearing the table. Hunter Chang is looking outside.)

Pao: That man and woman were rough types, dad. They finished off the bit of venison we'd just got.

Chang: Do you know who they were?

Pao: He said he was from the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Chang: Huh! Eight years ago, when the bandits dragged me away, I saw him in their lair on Tiger Mountain. People call him Howling Wolf. He's a bandit.

Pao: Oh!

Chang: We can't stay here any longer, Pao. Let's get our things together at once and go to your uncle Ta-shan's in Chiapi Valley.

Pao: Right. *(Gets some belongings together.)*

Chang *(to himself)*: Those two fur traders who came through here a few days ago said the Communists were now in our old home village helping the poor to win emancipation. I wonder if it's true.

Pao: They're good men, those two. If they hadn't carried me home, I would have frozen to death in the ravine.

Chang: That's true. Hurry now.

Pao: Yes.

(Chang ties a bundle. Pao gets the pelts down from the wall, and sees figures moving outside the window.)

Pao: Somebody's coming again, dad.

(Chang covers Pao's mouth with his hand.)

Chang: Hush!

(They listen attentively. Yang, Shen, Chung and Lu enter, muffled in capes and hoods which hide the red star on their caps. Alertly they walk across the snow.)

Yang *(sings "hsi pi san pan")*:

We've been closely following a suspicious pair,

But here in the mountains we've lost the trail—

Shen: Say Old Yang, isn't this where Hunter Chang lives?

Yang: Right. *(Sings.)*

We'll call on the hunter again for help to solve our problem.

Comrades Shen and Lu!

Shen and Lu: Here.

Yang: You two scout on ahead. Report back here if you have any information.

Shen and Lu: Right. *(Exit.)*

Yang: Young Chung! Stand guard.

Chung: Right. *(Exit.)*

Yang *(walks up to the cabin and knocks)*: Hey there, neighbours!

(The hunter comes out with apprehension.)

Chang *(examines Yang)*: You are....

Yang: Don't you recognize me? I'm the fur trader who was here a few days ago.

Chang: Fur trader?

Yang: Yes.

(Pao runs out.)

Yang *(to Pao)*: Your father doesn't remember me, little brother. Wasn't I the one who brought you home that day?

(Pao examines him closely, wants to speak but stops, nods.)

Yang *(has observed and guessed the truth but doesn't let on)*: What a clever child!

Chang *(observes Yang carefully, recognizing him)*: Ah, you're Yang the trader.

Yang: Yes.

Chang: That's right. And we discovered we're from the same province. Come in, come in.

(They all go in.)

Yang *(to Pao)*: Are you feeling better now?

Chang *(quickly)*: He's a mute.

Yang: Ah, I see.

Chang: You're a trader, but today you're in uniform. What's your job, after all?

Yang: I'm not a trader. *(Throws back his hood to reveal the red star on his cap.)* I'm a soldier of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Chang *(sceptically)*: You too from the People's Liberation Army?

Yang: Yes. Have you seen any PLA men before?

Chang *(guardedly)*: No... no, never.

Yang *(sitting down on a wooden block)*: We didn't have a chance to talk much, last time. We came over from Shantung Province. "We are battalions led by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party."

Chang: But what are you fellows doing all the way up here?

Yang: Fighting bandits. (*Picks up an axe and slams it down on the wooden block.*)

Chang: Fight bandits? Can you do that?

Yang (*standing up*): We've got a big force not far behind. Our PLA has won several big victories in the northeast. The whole Mutanchiang area has been liberated. We've smashed most of the bandits. Only Vulture and his gang are left. They've buried themselves deep in this mountain forest, but we're going to wipe them out too, and soon.

Chang (*bitterly*): That Vulture!...

Yang: Old Chang, Vulture has devastated these parts. You two have hidden yourselves here in this forest, you must have been deeply wronged.

Chang (*sits down and passionately seizes the axe*):

Yang: Go ahead, Old Chang, tell us about it.

Chang (*not wanting to mention the painful past*): It happened eight years ago, why talk about it? (*Puts down the axe.*)

Pao (*bursts out*): Dad!...

Chang (*startled and then bitterly*): Pao, how could you....

Yang (*with deep feeling*): It's all right, child. The Communist Party and Chairman Mao will back us up. Speak.

Pao: I will, uncle, I will. (*Sings "fan erh huang tao pan"*)

Disaster struck one snowy night eight years ago,

(*Switches to "kuai san yen"*)

Vulture killed my grandma and carried off my mum and dad;

Uncle Ta-shan in Chiapi Valley took me in,

My dad escaped and came back,

But my mum threw herself off a cliff and died.

Oh, dear mum!

In the mountains we hide;

Afraid I'd fall into those devils' hands,

Dad dressed me as a boy and said I was mute.

(*Changes to "yuan pan"*)

We hunted in the mountains during the day,

At night we thought of grandma and mum;

(*Changes to "to pan"*)

We looked at the stars and the moon

And longed for the time

When the sun would shine over these mountains,

When I would be able to speak out freely,

When I could dress like a girl again,

When we could collect our debt of blood.

If I only had wings I'd take my gun

And fly to the summit and kill all those wolves!

Oh, dad! (Flings herself into Chang's arms.)

Yang (*furious, sings "hsi pi yuan pan"*):

Pao's tales of the bandits' crimes

Brimming with blood and tears,

Rouse me to the utmost rage.

Oppressed people everywhere have blood accounts

To settle with their oppressors.

They want vengeance,

An eye for an eye and blood for blood!

(*Switches to "lui shui"*)

Destroy Vulture, and win liberation for the people,

Rise as masters and greet the sun in these deep mountains.

Follow the saviour the Communist Party,

And bring the land a new life,

Like our old home in Shantung,

Good days will be here for ever.

Chang (*with emotion*): Old Yang!

(*Chang sits down with Yang. Pao fondly hands Yang a bowl of water which he drains.*)

Chang: You've said what's in my heart, Old Yang. But beating Vulture won't be easy. His Tiger Mountain stronghold is protected by nine groups of twenty-seven forts. He can attack, he can defend, and he can slip away. Nobody can touch him.

Yang: I see. They say it's very hard to get to the top of the mountain.

Chang: Exactly. There's only one path up front, and it's very steep. Besides it's very carefully watched. How can anyone get up there?

Yang: Then how did you manage to make good your getaway that time?

Chang: There's a dangerous trail down the back of the mountain with steep cliffs and crags. No one dares to use that trail, so it's unguarded. Eight years ago, that's where I came down. If I hadn't been lucky enough to fall on a tree branch, I'd have been dashed to pieces.

Yang: You've given us some very useful information. As long as we all pull together, there's no mountain top we can't conquer.

Chang: Right. We're all looking forward to that day. Ha, ha, ha! You mustn't blame me for taking you as a stranger. A man and a woman were here a while ago. He obviously was a bandit, but he said he was from the PLA.

Pao: My dad saw him eight years ago on Tiger Mountain. He's called Howling Wolf.

Yang: Howling Wolf, eh? What else did he talk about?

Chang: He called the woman sister-in-law and said he was Luan Ping's sworn brother.

Yang (bursts out): Luan Ping? *(Leaves his seat.)*

Chang (stands up): The woman must be Luan Ping's wife. Howling Wolf had a big row with her over some map or other.

Pao: A Contacts Map.

Chang: That's right.

Yang: Contacts Map?

(Chung enters and comes into the cabin.)

Chung: Platoon leader, Old Shen and Lu are back.

(Shen and Lu enter. They go into the cabin.)

Shen: Old Yang, in the forest northeast of here we found the body of a woman with a blood-stained glove lying beside her. *(Gives glove to Yang.)*

Lu: There was a strong blizzard and the snow had already blotted out any footprints. We couldn't tell where the murderer had gone.

Yang: Have you seen this glove before, Old Chang?

Chang (examines glove): Yes. It belongs to Howling Wolf.

Yang (coming to a conclusion): He must have killed her and snatched the Contacts Map. This is a complicated business, comrades, and that Luan Ping we caught is mixed up with the case. Lu Hung-yeh!

Lu: Here.

Yang: We are going after the murderer. You report back to the chief of staff and tell him I suggest we interrogate Luan Ping and dig out the story of the Contacts Map.

Lu: Right. *(Goes out at a run.)*

Yang: This is urgent, Old Chang, we've no time to chat now. Here's a bit of food for you and Pao.

(Yang unties his ration bag and hands it to Chang. Shen unties his and gives it to Pao.)

Chang: Old Yang!

Shen: Please accept it.

Pao (moved): Uncles....

Yang: Goodbye for now. *(Turns to go.)*

Chang: Where are you going, Old Yang?

Yang: After Howling Wolf.

Chang: You can't get him. He's sure to be heading for Tiger Mountain. That trail has always been hard to follow, and a stranger could lose himself in this snowstorm. Come, Pao and I will show you the way.

Yang (touched, goes to Chang): Thank you, Old Chang.

Chang: Let's go.

(Dramatic pose.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FOUR

DRAWING UP A PLAN

Early morning. Black Dragon Valley. The detachment has spent the night. Inside the command post, a charcoal fire burns bright. Outside the wind roars and heavy snow falls. In the background, majestic mountains and deep forests.

Shao (with composure sings "erb huang tao pan"):

*Icy wind howls through the woods,
Rustling branches shake the deep gully.*

(A gust blows the door open. He goes to door and looks out.)

*(Sings, changing to "hui lung")
Snowflakes dance in a hazy mist,
The mountains are mantled in silver;
What a magnificent scene of the north!*

(He closes the door, changes to "erb huang man pan")

*Beautiful our land, majestic and grand,
How can we let ravening beasts again lay it waste?*

(Changes to "yuan pan")

*The Party Central Committee points the way,
Revolutionary flames cannot be quenched.
Bearing the hopes of the people, the PLA fight north and south
And plant the red flag all over our country.*

*Let the Yanks and Chiang gang up,
Prating about peace while making attacks,
Fighting openly and sniping in the dark.*

*Let them resort to a hundred tricks,
With justice in our hands, class hatred in our hearts,
One against ten, we'll still wipe them out.*

(Yang enters.)

Yang: Report!

Shao (recognizes his voice): Old Yang!

(Yang goes into room. Shao rushes to greet him.)

Shao: Did you catch the murderer?

Yang: We got him. We found this letter and this map concealed in his clothes. *(Hands them over.)*

Shao: Well done!

Yang: The trails in these parts are hard to find. Luckily, Hunter Chang acted as our guide. The murderer passed himself off as one of our PLA scouts, but the hunter exposed him. He admitted that he's a Tiger Mountain man named Li Chung-hao, better known as Howling Wolf.

Shao: Good. That hunter has been a great help. Long ago Chairman Mao told us: **"The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them."** Without the masses we can't move a step.

Yang: How true! Hunter Chang also told us of two trails up the mountain. I've sketched them, according to his description. *(Hands Shao a sketch map.)* Howling Wolf admits to the open trail going up the face of the mountain. He says there are no fortifications along it and that it's easy to climb.

Shao: Hm. Obviously a lie. Have you made arrangements for the hunter and his daughter?

Yang: We left them our grain rations. They're planning to move to Chiapi Valley.

Shao: Good. *(Looks at map and letter.)* I say, Old Yang, Luan Ping never said anything about this map.

Yang: No, he never. Howling Wolf says it shows the location of three hundred secret contact places of the Breast Mountain gang here in the northeast. It's something very important.

Shao: Luan Ping has been brought here. We'll question him right away and find out all about the Contacts Map.

Yang: I'll get Luan Ping. *(Turns to go.)*

Shao: He's your old adversary, Old Yang. You'd better do the questioning.

Yang: All right.

(Shao goes into inner room.)

Yang (to the guard at the door): Young Chang.

Young Chang: Here.

Yang: Bring Luan Ping.

Young Chang: Right.

(Young Kuo brings Luan Ping into the room. Luan Ping sees Yang and wants to come over to greet him. Yang waves him to a chair. Luan sits down.)

Yang: Luan Ping.

Luan: Yes, sir.

Yang: How are you getting on with your confession?

Luan: I want to come clean. I'm owning up to everything I know.

Yang: There's something you haven't mentioned yet.

Luan: Officer, I don't own a thing in the world except the clothes on my back.

Yang (suddenly): What about that map?

Luan: Map?

Yang: The Contacts Map.

Luan (startled): Oh! (Pretending to be calm.) Ah, let me think.... (Strikes a thoughtful pose.) Ah, yes, yes, I remember now. They say Horse Cudgel Hsu had a map of secret contacts.

Yang: They say?

Luan: Don't misunderstand, officer. Horse Cudgel Hsu considered that map precious. I never had a chance of setting my eyes on it.

Yang: Luan Ping, you ought to understand our policy.

Luan: I do, I do. Leniency to those who confess; severity to those who resist.

Yang: I'm asking you — what was your job on Breast Mountain?

Luan: You know that. I was a liaison adjutant.

Yang: A liaison adjutant who says he knows nothing about liaison stations and has never seen anything of the Contacts Map. Huh! It's plain you don't want to tell the truth.

(Luan pretends to be helpless.)

Yang (with sudden fury): Take him out!

Kuo: Get out!

Luan (leaning against the chair, panic-stricken): No, no. I... (Slaps his own face.) I deserve to die for trying to fool you, officer. I'll tell you the truth now. There is a map showing Horse Cudgel Hsu's secret contacts all over the northeast, three hundred in all. That map is now in my wife's hands. Let me out, and I'll find her and get the map and give it to you. I want to make amends and earn lenient treatment. (Bows.)

Yang: Besides those three hundred places, where else did you have contacts?

Luan: Where else? Tiger Mountain. But for a long time Vulture has been trying to get sole control of northern Manchuria by himself. He and Horse Cudgel Hsu were only friends on the surface, so I had very few dealings with him. Last year, Vulture invited me to a Hundred Chickens Feast to celebrate his birthday, but I didn't go.

Yang (listens with attention to his confessions): I want a detailed report on all your contact points. You'd better come clean.

Luan: Yes, yes.

Yang: Take him away.

Kuo: Now get out. (Takes Luan out.)

(Shao comes out from other room.)

Yang: He's a crafty one.

Shao (humorously): The craftiest fox can't escape the skilled hunter. Anyhow, his story about the Contacts Map is the same as Howling Wolf's.

Yang: And he also let slip a mention of the Hundred Chickens Feast.

Shao: Umm.

Yang: And in that letter, Vulture is again inviting him to the feast this year. There's something queer here.

Shao: I agree.

(Shen Teh-hua enters.)

Shen: Report!

Shao: Come in.

(Shen goes into room.)

Shen: Chief of Staff, the comrades are eager to attack Tiger Mountain. They have written requests for battle assignments.

Shao: You're behind this, I suppose?

Shen: I....

Shao (*laughs and sits down by the fire*): I can understand how the comrades feel. Our fraternal units have sealed off all the roads and ferry points in the Mutanchiang area. Vulture can't get away. But he's a wily bird, hard to deal with. Haven't we discussed it several times? If we sent a large force after him, it would be like trying to hit a flea with your fist. No good. Since the task is urgent, we haven't the time to lure the bandits down the mountain and destroy them one by one. Ours is a special mission. We must remember what Chairman Mao tells us — strategically we should despise our enemy, but tactically we should take him seriously. Comrade Teh-hua, please call another democratic meeting of the comrades and talk it over again, in the light of the latest developments.

Shen: Right. (*Exit.*)

(Yang starts to leave.)

Shao: Old Yang, what's your suggestion?

Yang: I want to question Howling Wolf again and find out more about that Hundred Chickens Feast.

Shao: Go ahead. I'll be waiting to hear your proposal.

Yang: Right. (*Exit.*)

Shao (*sings "hsi pi knai san yen"*):

*We've had the enemy sized up in the last few days,
We've analysed carefully and pondered over our plan.
Tiger Mountain has a system of bunkers and tunnels,
So the better course is to take it by strategy.
Select a capable comrade to disguise as one of their kind,
Then penetrate into the enemy's lair,*

And strike from without and within.

Who should we choose for this critical task? — (Thinks.)

(Changes to "yuan pan")

Yang has all the qualifications to shoulder this load.

Born of a hired-hand peasant family,

From childhood he struggled on the brink of death;

Burning with hatred, he found his salvation

In the Communist Party and took the revolutionary road.

(Switches to "erb liu")

He joined the army, vowing to uproot exploitation,

A veteran in battle, he's distinguished himself many times.

By wits, he blew up many an enemy fort,

He's entered enemy territory, killed traitors

And rescued many comrades and villagers.

He's fought many a battle with bandits here in the forest,

Caught Luan Ping and Hu Piao and took Howling Wolf as well.

If I send him on this dangerous mission alone,

I'm sure, with his heart red as fire,

A will strong as steel,

He'll surely overcome Vulture.

(Shen Teh-hua enters. Goes into the room.)

Shen: Chief of Staff.

Shao: How did your meeting go, Comrade Teh-hua?

Shen: We analysed the situation and decided that taking it by strategy is the only answer. We shouldn't try a direct attack. The best way would be to get a comrade into the enemy stronghold....

Shao: You're right. Come, let's talk it over.

(Yang enters and goes into the room. Shao scrutinizes him. Shen looks on in surprise.)

Yang: Hu Piao is here to present the map. (*Waves his hand in bandit greeting.*)

Shao: You Hu Piao? Old Yang, ha, ha, ha!

Shen: Old Yang!

Yang: Ha, ha, ha! (*Sits down.*)

Shao: Tell us quick, what's your idea?

Yang: It seems to me, Chief of Staff, the best way to take Tiger Mountain is by strategy.

Shao: Precisely.

Yang: The enemy's Hundred Chickens Feast is a good opportunity.

Shao: Have we found out all about it?

Yang: Yes. Vulture celebrates his birthday on the last day of the last month of every lunar year. He gives himself a feast of chickens extorted from a hundred different families. They call it the Hundred Chickens Feast. (*Rises.*) I suggest we send a comrade up there in disguise to find out how the tunnels and bunkers are laid out. Then, when all the bandits are in the main hall during the Hundred Chickens Feast, get them drunk....

Shao: And the detachment will spring an attack and take it before they know what's happening!

Yang: Right. Chief of Staff, put me on this job.

Shen: The comrades also propose Old Yang for the mission.

Shao: Good. Comrade Teh-hua, (*giving him the Contacts Map*) make a copy of this. Also notify the others there will be a Party branch committee meeting later on.

Shen: Right. (*Exit.*)

Shao: Old Yang, you're going to disguise as a bandit and make your way into the enemy stronghold. Are you sure you can do it?

Yang: There're three things in my favour.

Shao: The first?

Yang: Horse Cudgel Hsu and his Breast Mountain gang have just been defeated. I can go there as his adjutant Hu Piao who is in our hands and Vulture has never seen him. I've learned the bandit argot and won't be found out.

Shao: And the second?

Yang: If I present Vulture with the Contacts Map as gift at our first meeting, I'll win his trust.

Shao: Fine.

Yang: The third condition is the most important....

Shao: The loyal heart of a PLA soldier dedicated to the Party and Chairman Mao.

Yang (*from the heart*): You understand me completely, Chief of Staff.

Shao (*with deep feeling*): Old Yang, this is no ordinary task.

Yang: Chief of Staff! (*Sings "hsi pi yuan pan"*)

A Communist always heeds the Party's call,

He takes the heaviest burden on himself;

I'm set on smashing the chains of a thousand years

To open a freshet of endless happiness for the people.

(*Switches to "erb liu"*)

Well I know that there's danger ahead,

But I'm all the more set on driving forward;

No matter how thickly troubled clouds may gather,

Revolutionary wisdom is bound to win.

(*Changes to "kuai pan"*)

Like the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains,

I shall break through every obstacle;

The flames that blaze in my red heart

Shall forge a sharp blade to kill the foe.

Shao: Good. You can take Horse Cudgel Hsu's black-maned steed and ride northeast along the trail Hunter Chang has pointed out....

Yang: And wind my way up the mountain.

Shao: The detachment will go to Chiapi Valley, arouse the masses and prepare for battle. We'll wait for word from you.

Yang: I'll put a message for you in the pine grove southwest of Tiger Mountain. The tree will be marked in the agreed manner.

Shao: I'll send Shen on the twenty-sixth to pick it up.

Yang: I guarantee it will be there on time.

Shao: Good. The detachment will set out as soon as we've heard from you. We'll strike from within and without and destroy Vulture and his gang.

Yang: This is a well-thought-out plan, Chief of Staff. It's decided then.

Shao (*grips Yang's arms, very stirred. After a pause*): Be bold but cautious, Comrade Tzu-jung. (*Sings "hsi pi kuai pan"*)

*I'm confident you can fulfil this important mission,
Everything depends on this all-important task.
We'll call a Party committee meeting to approve the plan,
With collective wisdom we'll defeat the enemy.*

(Yang and Shao clasp hands tightly in a dramatic pose.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

UP THE MOUNTAIN

A few days after the previous scene. In the foothills of Tiger Mountain. A deep snowy forest. Tall, straight pines reach to the sky. Sunshine filters down through the trees.

Yang *(sings offstage vigorously "erh huang tao pan"):*

I press through the snowy forest, spirit soaring!

(Yang enters in disguise. He spurs his horse onwards. He executes dances depicting his journey through the dense forest, leaping across a stream, mounting a ridge, dashing down a steep slope, galloping across a distance and then looking all around.)

(Sings "hui lung")

To declaim my determination the mountains I staunchly face.

(Switches to "man yuan pan")

Let the red flag fly all over the world,

Be there seas of fire and a forest of knives, I'll charge ahead.

How I wish I could order the snow to melt,

(Changes to "san pan")

And welcome in spring to change the world of men.

(Switches to "hsi pi kuai pan")

The Party gives me wisdom and courage,

Risks and hardships are as naught;

To wipe out the bandits I must dress as a bandit,

And pierce into their stronghold like a dagger.

I'll bury Vulture in these hills, I swear,

Shake the heights with my will.

With my courage the valleys fill,

At the Hundred Chickens Feast my comrades and I

Will make a shambles of the bandits' lair.

(A tiger roars in the distance. The horse is startled, stumbles. Yang reins in, makes it rear, turns and halts it. Leaps from the horse. The tiger's roar draws nearer. Yang quickly leads his horse off. Re-enters, throws off his overcoat, pulls out pistol and fires at tiger. The beast screams and falls dead. Other shots are heard in the distance.)

Yang *(immediately alerted):* Shooting! The bandits are coming down the mountain. *(Calmly)* I've just killed one beast, and now a whole pack is here. I'll see that you go the same way.

(Bandit Chief of Staff shouts offstage: "Halt!" He enters with a gang of bandits. Yang puts on his overcoat, walks forward boldly and gives a bandit salute.)

Bandit Chief of Staff: What road do mushrooms travel? What's the price?*

(Yang, head high, does not reply.)

Bandit A *(seeing the tiger Yang has killed cries in fear):* A tiger, tiger!

(The other bandits hastily draw back.)

Yang *(laughs):* Brave, aren't you? That tiger is dead.

Bandit A *(looks at the beast cautiously):* A beautiful shot. Right through the head.

Bandit Chief of Staff: Did you kill it?

Yang: It got in the way of my bullet.

Bandit Chief of Staff: Quite a man. Which mountain are you from? What are you doing here?

Yang *(taking the initiative):* I suppose you fellows are from Tiger Mountain?

*Bandit argot.

Bandit Chief of Staff: That's obvious. (*Realizes he has made a slip.*)
Where are you from?

Yang: That's not for you to ask. I want to see Brigadier Tsui in person. I've important business with him.

Bandit Chief of Staff: How is it you don't know the rules of the mountains? You're not a *liutzu*. You're a *kungtzu*.*

Yang: If I were a *kungtzu*, would I dare come barging into Tiger Mountain?

Bandit Chief of Staff (*threateningly*): Moba? Moba?*

(*Yang, his mind made up, does not reply.*)

Bandits: Speak up.

Yang (*baughtily*): I'm not saying anything till I see Brigadier Tsui.

Bandit Chief of Staff (*helplessly*): All right, then, let's go. Where's your gun?

Yang: Don't be scared. (*Tosses his pistol to Bandit A. Points at the tiger and his horse.*)

Bandit Chief of Staff: Carry the tiger. Lead the horse.

The Bandits: Yes!

(*Yang in a dramatic pose. Then resolutely, calmly and courageously he strides ahead.*)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE SIX

INTO THE BANDITS' LAIR

Immediately after the previous scene. The interior of Tiger Hall. A gloomy cave lit by several lamps.

(*Vulture sits on a chair, his lieutenants — the "Eight Terribles," stand on either side in a disorderly fashion. Other bandits stand on the left rear side of the hall. Vulture signals to Bandit Chief of Staff to summon the newcomer.*)

*Bandit argot.

Bandit Chief of Staff: Chief's order, bring *liutzu* in.

Bandits: Bring *liutzu* in!

(*Yang enters, head high.*)

Yang (*sings "hsi pi knai pan"*):

Though I've come alone to the tiger's den,

Millions of class brothers are by my side;

Let Vulture spew flames ten thousand leagues high,

For the people I'll fearlessly take this monster on.

(*Advances and gives a bandit salute.*)

Vulture (*suddenly*): The god of the heavens shields the earthly tiger.*

Yang: Precious pagoda represses the river sprite.*

Terribles: Moba? Moba?

Yang: Speak exactly at the stroke of noon. No one has a home.*

Vulture: Why is your face so red?*

Yang: My spirits are flourishing.*

Vulture: Why so yellow again?*

(*The bandits press closer, sword and gun in hand.*)

Yang (*calmly*): I smeared it with wax to ward off the cold.*

(*Vulture shoots out an oil lamp with his automatic. Yang takes a pistol from Bandit Chief of Staff. With one shot he knocks out two oil lamps. The bandits whisper among themselves and are stopped by the Terribles.*)

Vulture: According to you, you're one of Brigadier Hsu's men?

Yang: I am his cavalry adjutant, Hu Piao.

Vulture: Hu Piao? Since you are Brigadier Hsu's man, let me ask you — when did you join his ranks?

Yang: When he was chief of police.

Vulture: I hear he has a few possessions he prizes the most.

Yang: There are two.

Vulture: What are they?

Yang: A fast horse and a sharp sword.

Vulture: What does his horse look like?

*Bandit argot.

Yang: It has a curly coat and a black mane.
Vulture: What kind of sword has he?
Yang: A Japanese officer's sabre.
Vulture: Who gave it to him?
Yang: The Japanese Imperial Army.
Vulture: Where was it presented?
Yang: At Wuholou in the city of Mutanchiang.
Vulture (*pauses*): If you really are Brigadier Hsu's cavalry adjutant, why did I see only Adjutant Luan Ping and not you at the last meeting called by Commissioner Hou?
Yang: I didn't rate very high with Brigadier Hsu. How could I compare with someone like Luan Ping? He was the one who went to all the important functions.
Vulture: Why have you come to Tiger Mountain?
Yang: I want to join you, Brigadier, and rise in the world. This is the first time I've crossed your threshold, but none of you big brothers seem to trust me. You aren't playing the game of our brotherhood, are you?
Vulture (*laughs*): We have to think of our stronghold's safety.
Terribles: Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vulture: When did the Breast Mountain stronghold fall, Hu Piao?
Yang: The third day of the twelfth lunar month.
Vulture: What took you so long to get here?
Yang: It hasn't been easy for me to get here, Brigadier. After Breast Mountain was taken, I was hiding out in White Pines Dale for a while.
Vulture: White Pines Dale?
Yang: In the home of Luan Ping's uncle.
Vulture: Did you see Luan Ping?
Yang: Yes.
Vulture: And Howling Wolf?
Yang: Howling Wolf?
Vulture: Uh.
Yang: I don't know about him.
Vulture: Hu Piao, you are here but why isn't Luan Ping with you?
Yang: Luan Ping?

Vulture: That's right.
Yang: Ah, say no more about him.
Vulture: What do you mean?
Yang (*looks meaningfully at other bandits*): Well....
(Vulture signals and all the bandits except the Terribles leave.)
Vulture: Hu Piao, what's the matter with Luan Ping?
Yang: It's a long story. (*Sings "hsi pi hsiao tao pan"*)
Just talking about him enrages me....
Vulture: What did he do?
Yang (*sings, changing to "hsi pi yuan pan"*):
He cares nothing for the code of our brotherhood.
Vulture: How did he go back on our code?
Yang (*sings*): *We were lucky to get away when Breast Mountain fell, I urged him to come with me and join your brigade on Tiger Mountain.*
(The Terribles look at each other with satisfaction.)
Vulture: Is he coming?
Yang (*sings*): *Every man is free to make his own choice, But he shouldn't have —*
He shouldn't have said such awful things about friends.
Vulture: What did he say?
Yang: He said....
Vulture: What?
Yang: Well....
Vulture (*impatiently*): Out with it, Old Hu, be quick.
Yang: He said — (*sings*) *Vulture has to take Commissioner Hou's —*
Vulture: What?
Yang (*sings*): *Orders.*
Vulture (*leaps to his feet in anger*): Ah! What! I take orders from him!
Terribles: Rubbish, who does he think he is?
Yang: That wasn't all he said.
Terribles: What else?
Yang (*sings*): *The Eight Terribles are a pack of worthless rats.*
Terribles (*enraged and shouting*): What! That son of a bitch.

Yang (*sings, switching to "hsi pi liu shui"*):
He said he's a phoenix who wants a high branch to perch on,
That Commissioner Hou is a big tree and his roots are deep.

Terribles: To hell with him.

Yang (*sings*): As we were speaking he produced a map —

Vulture: Map?

Yang (*sings*): A whole roll.

(*Vulture dances around Yang coveting the map.*)

Yang (*switches to "hsi pi yao pan" as he continues singing*):
He was intending to take it to Commissioner Hou to earn a promotion.

Vulture: Was it the Contacts Map?

Yang: Yes, the secret Contacts Map.

Vulture (*worried*): Then he's given it to Commissioner Hou?

Yang: Don't be impatient. (*Continues singing with a satirical smile on his face*)

Pleased with himself, he grinned all over.

Vulture: Sol

Yang (*sings*): And brought out from the inside room,

(*Switches to "hsi pi liu shui"*)

A jar of wine.

I filled him eight bowls, one after the other,

Luan Ping got so drunk he couldn't see.

Terribles: Haha ... he got drunk.

Yang: So taking my chance while he was dead drunk, I ...

Vulture: Oh.

Yang: I ...

Vulture: Killed the dog?

Yang: I couldn't do that. We've been pals for years.

Vulture: Oh, oh ... (*Changing his tone.*) Of course, of course.

Friendship is important! Friendship is important! Go on,

Old Hu, go on.

Yang: He had his plans, but I had ideas of my own.

Vulture: What did you do?

Yang: I ...

Vulture: Yes?

Yang (*sings*): I changed tunics with him while he was drunk,
Then jumped on the black-maned horse, and through
The snowstorm galloped directly to Tiger Mountain.

Vulture: You mean you've got the map, Old Hu?

Yang (*laughs lightly. Changing to "hsi pi kuai pan," sings*):

Look, oh Brigadier Tsui,

This map here I present to you. (*Holds up the map.*)

(*Standing high and looking down at the bandits, Yang holds out the map as Vulture respectfully flips the dust from his sleeves and takes it. He examines it avidly while the Terribles crowd around.*)

Vulture (*sings "hsi pi san pan"*):

The map I've thought of day and night,

Today is in my hands.

(*In wild joy*) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Terribles: You're a marvel, Old Hu, quite a man.

Yang (*meaningfully*): With the map in our possession, Brigadier, the Mutanchiang area is ours.

Vulture: Right. Well said. When the Kuomintang army returns, I'll be a commanding general. And I'll make the rest of you brigadiers and division commanders.

Terribles: We rely on your beneficence, Chief. (*Laugh wildly.*)

(*Yang laughs satirically.*)

Vulture: Because of what you've done for Tiger Mountain, Old Hu, I proclaim you Old Ninth.

Yang: Thank you, Chief.

Vulture: We belong to the Kuomintang army, you should have a proper rank. I appoint you full colonel and deputy regimental commander in the Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade of the Eastern Heilungkiang Region.

Yang (*going up the steps*): Thank you, Chief, for your promotion. (*To Terribles*) I shall look to you brothers for guidance.

Terribles: You shouldn't be so modest.

Bandit Chief of Staff: Bring wine!
Terribles: Hey, bring wine!

(Bandits enter with wine for all.)

Bandit Chief of Staff: Drink, everyone. Drink to congratulate Old Ninth.

Terribles: Congratulations, Old Ninth.

Vulture: For delivering the Contacts Map and winning his spurs!

Yang *(sings with vigour "hsi pi kuai erb liu")*:

To their congratulatory toast I drink my fill,

I shall not rest until my mission is fulfilled:

The day is yet to come for me to show my skill,

To write history I'll willingly shed my blood.

(With a triumphant smile, he drains his bowl.)

Yang *(boldly)*: Ha... ha... ha... ha!

(Curtain)

SCENE SEVEN

AROUSING THE MASSES

Chiapi Valley. Home of Li Yung-chi, both inside and out. Noon. A snowstorm is raging.

Mother Li *(sings "erb huang yao pan")*:

I'm ill and unwell, our grain is gone,

I call my son, but there is no reply.

Oh, the hatred of us poor, this debt of blood,

When will it ever be redeemed?

(Chang Ta-shan enters.)

Ta-shan: Aunt.

Mother Li: It's Ta-shan!

(Ta-shan comes into the house.)

Ta-shan: Are you feeling any better today, Aunt?

Mother Li: I was dizzy than ever when I got up this morning.

Ta-shan: Aunt, here are some tubers.... *(Hands over the tubers.)*

Mother Li *(stopping him)*: Oh, Ta-shan you shouldn't....

Ta-shan: Aunt, Yung-chi is away but you have us neighbours.

(Ta-shan sets water to boil on the stove. Mother Li takes tubers into the inner room. Yung-chi, his chin stubbly, and clothes torn, pushes open the door and comes into house.)

Ta-shan *(surprised)*: Yung-chi!

Yung-chi: Ta-shan!

(Mother Li emerges from inner room.)

Yung-chi: Ma!

Mother Li: Yung-chi! *(Sings "erb huang san pan")*

Can I be dreaming that you've returned?

It pains me to see you so battered and bruised;

How did you escape

(Switches to "erb huang erb liu")

From the tiger's den?

Yung-chi *(sings)*: I jumped down a cliff at the back of the mountain and got away.

Mother Li *(sings)*: I'm overjoyed to see you home but I grieve
For my daughter-in-law and grandson.

Yung-chi *(sings "erb huang tao pan")*:

The many crimes to be avenged are all

Engraved upon my heart.

The fury in my breast bursts into flame,

Some day I'll knife our foe to death.

(Voices offstage cry: "Soldiers are entering the village!" PLA fighters shouting: "Don't go away, neighbours, we are your own people!")

Ta-shan: Another raid by Vulture?

Yung-chi: Are they after me?

Ta-shan: Hide, quick, I'll go out and take a look. *(Pulls out a dagger and exits.)*

Mother Li: You'd better hide yourself, son, do.

Yung-chi: Hide? Where can I hide, mother? It's better to fight it out. It's me or them now. I break even if I take one of them, and two better still.

Mother Li: Yung-chi, you....

(Chung and Lu enter.)

Lu *(knocks at door)*: Anybody home?

Yung-chi: Yes. We're not all dead yet.

Lu: Neighbours!

Chung: Aunt!

(Yung-chi wrenches the door open. Chung and Lu enter. Chung closes the door behind him. Mother Li is alarmed. She moves closer to Yung-chi protectingly.)

Lu: Don't be afraid, aunt. We're....

Yung-chi: Come to the point.

Lu *(to Yung-chi)*: Neighbours, we're the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Yung-chi *(looks them over)*: This "army" and that "army," I've seen plenty. Who knows what you really are! Speak out, whatever you want. If it's money, we haven't got any. If it's grain, your gang has already robbed us clean. If it's our life....

Mother Li: Yung-chi!

Chung: Neighbours, we are the worker and peasant soldiers. We protect the people.

Yung-chi: That's what you say.

(Mother Li dizzy.)

Yung-chi: Mal

Lu *(to Chung)*: Aunt's not feeling well. We'll get our medic to come.

Chung: Right.

Yung-chi: Who are you trying to fool! *(Supports his mother into inner room.)*

(Chung signals to Lu. They go out together, closing the door.)
(Shao and Young Kuo enter.)

Chung: Chief of Staff!

Shao: How are things going?

Lu: An old woman is sick inside.

Shao: Send for our medic. Tell her to bring some grain.

Lu: Right. *(Exit.)*

Chung: It's really tough to do mass work here.

Shao: The villagers here don't understand us. They've been fooled before. Don't you remember — Howling Wolf tried to pass himself off as one of our scouts?

Chung: I know that.

Shao: If we don't arouse the masses, Young Chung, we won't be able to get a firm foothold and wipe out Vulture. On the other hand, unless we destroy the bandits, the masses won't be really aroused.

Chung *(smiles)*: I realize that.

Shao: Go and tell our men, we must be concerned about the welfare of the masses. We must explain our Party's policy patiently. We must carry out to the letter the Three Main Rules of Disciplines and Eight Points for Attention. We've got to get things moving here by action.

Chung: Right. *(Turns to leave.)*

Shao: By the way, find out if Hunter Chang has arrived.

Chung: Right. *(Exit.)*

(Medical Orderly enters.)

Medical Orderly: Chief of Staff! *(Hands him a sack of grain.)*
Where's the patient?

Shao *(points to house)*: There.

Medical Orderly *(knocks at door)*: Hello, neighbour.

Shao: Our medic is here, neighbour. Open the door.

(Yung-chi rushes into outer room, a dagger in his hand. His mother follows, trying to stop him.)

Mother Li: Yung-chi, you mustn't....

Yung-chi: What do I fear? I can fight it out with them with this.
(*Stabs dagger into table.*)

Mother Li (*very upset*): Yung-chi, I beg you. (*Faints.*)

Yung-chi (*supporting her hastily*): Ma! Ma!

(*Shao forces open the door. Goes in with Medical Orderly and Kuo. Protecting his mother, Yung-chi glares at Shao.*)

Shao: Give her first-aid, quick!

Medical Orderly: Yes.

(*Shao slips off his coat and wraps it around Mother Li. Medical Orderly helps her into inner room, followed by Kuo and Yung-chi. Shao pours some grain into pot and sets it to boil. Yung-chi comes out for some water. Shao goes into inner room.*)

Yung-chi (*discovering pot of gruel, deeply moved, pensively*): The People's Liberation Army? (*Sings "erb huang san yen"*)

These soldiers care for us folks and cure our ailments;

They're considerate, kind and helpful.

But soldiers and bandits were always of the same brood, always oppressing us.

What's happened today is certainly very strange.

Can the saviours we've longed for have really arrived?

Mother Li (*offstage*): Water.

(*Yung-chi fills a bowl with gruel. Kuo emerges and takes it in. Shao comes out.*)

Shao: Your mother has come to, neighbour. Don't worry.

Yung-chi:

Shao: What's your name, neighbour?

Yung-chi: Li Yung-chi.

Shao: Were you born in these parts?

Yung-chi: No. My family used to live in Shantung Province.

My father worked in Tsinan but after the April 12 coup, he was killed by Chiang Kai-shek in a strike....

Shao (*angered and in sympathy*): Oh!... (*Warmly*) But how did you people get here?

Yung-chi: After father died, mother brought me here to try our luck.

Shao: What do you do?

Yung-chi: I'm a railway worker.

Shao (*extremely excited*): Fine! So we're all one big family.

Yung-chi (*looks Shao over carefully*): Whose troops are you anyhow?

What are you doing here in these mountain forests?

Shao (*fondly*): Neighbour! (*Sings "erb huang yuan pan"*)

We're the worker and peasant soldier, come

To destroy the reactionaries and change the world.

We've fought for years north and south for the revolution,

With the Party and Chairman Mao leading the way,

A red star on our army caps,

Two red flags of the revolution on our collars.

Where the red flag goes dark clouds disperse,

Liberated people overthrow the landlords,

The people's army shares the people's hardships,

We've come to sweep clean Tiger Mountain.

Yung-chi (*his feelings bursting out like spring thunder, sings "erb huang peng pan"*):

Our eyes are nearly worn out, looking for you day and night.

Who would have thought that here in the mountains today

You've come, fighting the bandits and saving the poor —

Here before us our own army!

(*With feeling, switching to "yuan pan"*)

Our own army,

I shouldn't have confounded right and wrong,

I shouldn't have taken friend for foe.

I am ashamed beyond words.

(*Pushes down the dagger stabbed into the table.*)

For thirty years I've been sweating like a slave.

Feeling these lashes and bruises I can hardly suppress my rage,

I struggle in a bottomless pit.

We have untold misery and wrath to pour out,

Those bandits we all hate to the core.

*Some said our days of suffering would go on and on.
Who would have believed an iron tree could blossom,
That we would at last live to see this day.*

(Changes to "to pan")

*I'll go with the Party to drive out those beasts,
Whatever the sacrifice and danger, be it fire or water,
When Tiger Mountain is being swept clean and free,
I, Yung-chi, in the front ranks will be.*

*(Shao grasps Yung-chi's hand. Lu calls offstage: "Chief of Staff")
Enters.)*

Lu: These villagers have come to see you, Chief of Staff.

(Villagers swarm in, together with some soldiers. Mother Li comes out, supported by Medical Orderly.)

Villager A: Superior officer....

A Soldier: Grandpa, we don't use such terms, call him commander.

Shao: Call me "comrade."

Chung: Chief of Staff, this is Old Chang.

Shao *(comes forward and shakes the hunter's hand)*: So you're Old Chang, have you come from the forest?

Chang: We couldn't stay up there in the forest. We've moved in with Pao's uncle Ta-shan, here.

Shao *(pats Pao on the shoulder)*: Good girl.

Yung-chi: Old Brother Chang.

Chang: Ah, Yung-chi, our saviours are here at last.

Ta-shan: Commander, we're all burning with one desire — to attack Tiger Mountain.

Shao: Our PLA is winning big victories at the front, neighbours.
The Mutanchiang area has been liberated.

Villagers: Wonderful!

Shao: Vulture has no place to flee now.

Ta-shan: Let's destroy his nest.

Yung-chi: Give us guns, commander.

Villagers: Yes, give us guns, please.

Yung-chi: If we have guns, there isn't a man in Chiapi Valley who couldn't bring down two or three of those bandits.

Shao: You'll have your weapons. But none of you have any warm winter clothes and every family is short of grain. How can you go after the bandits in the deep mountain forests?

Villagers: What can we do then?

Shao: There are plenty of medicinal herbs in Chiapi Valley and lots of timber. If we get the narrow-gauge train running again, we can ship them out and buy clothing and grain in return.

Villagers: That's right.

Shao: You can also organize a militia. We'll get the train running again and you'll have food and clothing. When we fight Vulture, you'll be all the stronger.

Yung-chi: When can we start repairing the railway?

Shao: We can start right now. Let's all work together.

Villager A: It's heavy labour, commander.

Chung: Grandpa, we fighters are all from poor families. When we've guns in our hands, we fight; when we've tools in our hands, we work.

Yung-chi *(steps forward and grasps Shao's hand)*: We really are all one family, commander. *(Sings "erb huang to pan")*
*We mountain folk mean what we say,
Our words are straight, our hearts are true,
To seize a dragon we'll go with you —*

Villagers *(join in chorus)*: Under the sea,

Yung-chi *(sings)*: To catch a tiger —

Villagers *(in chorus)*: We'll follow you up the heights.

Yung-chi *(sings)*: With the thunders of spring the earth will shake!
Then Vulture —

Villagers and Soldiers *(sing in chorus "erb huang san pan")*:
Your days are numbered.

(The army and civilians form a tableau of heroes, mighty and splendid.)

(Curtain)

SCENE EIGHT

SENDING OUT INFORMATION

Dawn. A clearing on top of Tiger Mountain. Crags and forts are visible against undulating hills covered with snow in the distance. On right is a road leading to the foot of the mountain.

Vulture: Is this where Old Ninth usually does his exercises?

Bandit Chief of Staff: Yes.

Vulture: Where else has he been?

Bandit Chief of Staff: He's been around the forts on our five peaks.

Vulture: What! You even let him inspect our nine groups of twenty-seven forts?

Bandit Chief of Staff: He's one of us, isn't he? Why not show him how strong we are?

Vulture: I don't like the look of things. There's a lot of activity down below, and Howling Wolf still hasn't returned. None of us ever set eyes on Hu Piao before. Why did he show up at a time like this? We've got to be careful.

(Bandit Chief Adjutant enters from right.)

Bandit Chief Adjutant: We've everything ready as you ordered, Chief.

Vulture: Good. Put him to the test, the way I told you last night.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Yes, sir. *(Exit on right.)*

(Vulture and Bandit Chief of Staff, seeing somebody approaching, leave quickly on left front.)

Yang *(offstage sings "erh huang tao pan"):*

Hacking through thorns and thistles,

I battle in the heart of the enemy. (Enters.)

(Changes to "hui lung")

When I look into the distance and think of my

Comrades-in-arms, the army and the people, awaiting the signal

To attack these wolves, my spirits soar.

(Changes to "erh huang man pan")

*The Party places great hopes on me,
Comrades at the Party committee meeting offer weighty advice,
Their many exhortations give me strength,
Their flaming hearts warm my breast.*

(Changes to "kuai san yen")

*I must never forget to be bold yet cautious,
And succeed through courage and wits.*

*The Party's every word is victory's guarantee,
Mao Tsetung Thought is eternally glorious.*

(Changes to "yuan pan")

*Tiger Mountain is indeed heavily fortified
With forts above and tunnels below.*

*The leadership's decision to use strategy is right,
A direct attack would mean heavy losses.*

*After seven days here I know the disposition well,
I have the secret report concealed on my person.*

*Now at daybreak, pretending to take a stroll, I'll send it out....
(Notices something.)*

*Why have the guards suddenly been increased?
Something's up.*

This message —

*If I don't get this message out,
I'll miss the opportunity and ruin our attack plan,
And let the people and Party down.*

(Changes to "to pan")

New Year's Eve is fast approaching.

I mustn't hesitate, I must push on,

*Though the grass be knives and the trees swords,
Down to the foot of the slope.*

What though the mountain be tall?

Standing in the cold and melting

The ice and snow, I've the morning sun in my heart.

(The sun rises filling the sky with red clouds which tinge the sharp crags.)

(Offstage voices: "Hurry up." "I'm coming.")

(Alert, Yang removes his coat and pretends to do traditional exercises. Two bandit guards walk by pretending to be on patrol. They hail him.)

Bandit Guards: Good morning, Old Ninth!

Yang: Morning.

(Bandit guards go off, Yang ends his exercises. Shots ring out.)

Yang: Shooting!

(Shouts in the distance: "Charge!" "Kill!" Nearer voices cry: "The Communists are coming!" The shooting increases.)

Yang: What? Can the comrades be here? *(Thinks, comes to swift decision.)* No, not at this moment. The comrades wouldn't have come before Chief of Staff received my message.

(The shooting becomes more intensive and shouts draw nearer.)

Yang: That shooting sounds fishy, too. That's another test. I'll reply to their trick with one of my own and get this message off. *(Fires two shots in the air. Calls towards the left.)* Brothers!

(Four bandits enter.)

Yang: The Communists are here. Come with me and fight!

(The bandits rush off. Vulture and Bandit Chief of Staff enter stealthily. Bandit Chief Adjutant comes forward.)

Vulture: Just a minute, Old Ninth.

Yang *(shouts to bandits offstage):* Stay where you are.

Bandit Chief of Staff *(in same direction):* Stop shooting.

(Bandits shout acknowledgement of order.)

Yang *(to Vulture):* What's the matter?

Vulture: It's a manoeuvre I ordered.

Yang: I'd have fired this clip and got a few of them, if you hadn't stopped me.

(Vulture laughs uproariously.)

Yang: Why didn't you tell me you were arranging this manoeuvre, Chief? You....

Vulture: Don't let it bother you, Old Ninth. I didn't tell anybody about it. If you don't believe me, ask him. *(Points at Bandit Chief Adjutant.)*

Bandit Chief Adjutant *(pretentiously):* Why, I thought the Communists were coming myself.

Yang *(chuckles with implied meaning):* I wish they would. I'm just waiting for them.

Vulture: You're doing well, Old Ninth. *(Laughs.)*

(Bandit Captain, offstage: "Get a move on!" Enters, escorting another bandit who falls to the ground.)

Bandit Captain: This fellow bumped into the wall outside, Chief.

Vulture: What!

Bandit A *(trembling):* We went down, under orders. Far off, we saw the narrow-gauge train running again. But before we got to Chiapi Valley, we ran into some Communist soldiers.

Vulture: Chiapi Valley, eh? *(Suspiciously)* And you're the only one who got away?

Bandit A: Yes.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Nine out of ten you were captured by the Communists and they let you go.

Bandit A: No, no.

Vulture *(draws his gun and points it at Bandit A):* You bastard!

Yang *(intervenes):* Why get excited, Chief? If he really had been a prisoner of the Communists he wouldn't dare come back.

Bandit Chief of Staff: That's right. Everyone knows how Chief hates any man who lets the Communists capture him.

Vulture: Humph.

Yang *(to Bandit A):* Get out of here. Can't you see you're making Chief angry?

Bandit Chief of Staff *(kicks Bandit A):* Beat it.

Bandit A *(softly, as he goes out):* Old Ninth is a good man.

Bandit Chief of Staff (to Bandit Captain): Give the order — tighten all defences.

Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. *(Exit.)*

Vulture (dejectedly): Eh!

Bandit Chief of Staff: I'll send some men down on a raid, Chief. That will be something to celebrate at the Hundred Chickens Feast.

Vulture: Not a bad idea, but you must be very careful this time.

Bandit Chief of Staff: Very well. *(Exit.)*

Yang: We've nothing to worry about, with the defences we've got on Tiger Mountain. But we shouldn't just sit here and wait for them to come after us.

Vulture: What do you think we should do?

Yang: We ought to practise charging —

Vulture: Oh!

Yang: And get our soldiers into top shape.

Vulture: Well.

Yang: Then, after the Hundred Chickens Feast, we'll roll down into Chiapi Valley.

Vulture (grabs Yang's hand): You're smart. Take command, Old Ninth. Put the men through some charging drill.

Yang: Right.

(Vulture laughs and exit with Bandit Chief Adjutant.)

Yang (softly, contemptuously): That dumb cluck. *(Sings "hsi pi huai erb liu")*

A fool and cheat, who plays another trick,

It gives me my chance down the mountain.

Comrade Teh-hua,

To fetch the message, we count on you,

When the time comes to rout the bandits

At the feast, victory song we'll sing.

(Throws open his coat in a dramatic pose.)

(Curtain)



Yang Tzu-jung, scout platoon leader of the People's Liberation Army

Stage Photographs from "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy"



Shao Chien-po (left) and Yang Tzu-jung (right) ▲
discuss the plan to take Tiger Mountain (from
Scene Four)



Hunter Chang and his daughter Pao guide the PLA in pursuit of the bandits (from Scene Three) ▼

The PLA pursuit detachment trails the Vulture ►
bandit gang (from Scene One)





▲ Yang Tzu-jung speeds through the snowy forest (from Scene Five)

Yang Tzu-jung loftily unfolds the Contacts Map while Vulture ▼ comes forward obsequiously to receive it (from Scene Six)





Yang Tzu-jung prepares to send the message (from Scene Eight) ▲

Railway worker Li Yung-chi (left) determines to follow the Party to annihilate the bandits and wage revolution (from Scene Seven) ◀

The villagers of Chiapi Valley ask to join the PLA in the attack on Tiger Mountain (from Scene Seven) ▶





The pursuit detachment and militia led by Shao Chien-po head
for Tiger Mountain on skis (from Scene Nine) ▲

Chang Pao (second from left) asks to join the battle against
Vulture (from Scene Nine) ►



▼ Yang Tzu-jung denounces bandit Luan Ping
(from Scene Ten)



Yang Tzu-jung fights the bandits in Tiger Hall (from Scene Ten) ▲

SCENE NINE

OFF TO THE ATTACK

Morning. The day before lunar New Year's Eve. The scene is the clearing outside Yung-chi's house. A couplet written on red paper is pasted on the palisade gate. The joy of emancipation is everywhere.

(As the curtain rises the whistle of the narrow-gauge train is heard.)
(Smiling villagers, with sacks of grain on their backs, watch as the train sets out again, then they are off. A villager puts down the sack of grain he carries for Yung-chi's mother.)

Mother Li *(sings "hsi pi liu shui")*: *Soldiers and people are one family,*
Happiness fills our mountain village.
A good snow falls, everyone smiles,
Dividing food and clothing, we celebrate liberation.

(Shao enters.)

Shao: Aunt!

Mother Li: Commander!

Shao: Have you got enough food and things for the New Year?

Mother Li: Plenty. Who would have dreamed that Chiapi Valley could have such a good New Year? If you PLA boys hadn't come, I don't know what we'd have done.

Shao: The best is yet to come.

Mother Li: We owe it all to the Communist Party and Chairman Mao.

(Shao puts the sack of grain on his back, ready to carry it in for Yung-chi's mother. Offstage, Yung-chi is drilling the militia.)

Yung-chi *(offstage)*: One, two, three, four!

Militiamen *(offstage)*: One, two, three, four!

Mother Li: Those militiamen are full of pep. But the ones who will have to stay behind to guard the village are grumbling, especially Pao. She just won't hear of it.

Shao: Oh, that girl...

(Offstage, the militiamen shout: "Charge, charge, charge!")
(Shao and Mother Li go off, talking.)
(Offstage, the drilling militiamen cry again: "Target straight ahead. Charge, charge, charge!")
(Pao backs in, with her eyes still on the drilling militia.)

Pao (sings "erb huang hsiao tao pan"):

Listen to the lusty shouts over the drill ground
(Changes to "hui lung")
Where they are busy training,
Full of fight to smash the enemy.
I'm so anxious to join them
That my heart's afire.
(Changes to "yuan pan")
How I long for the day
When the bandits are slain and a blood debt repaid.
With deep hatred, morning and evening
I sharpen my sword and oil my gun.
On the high cliff the blizzard may blow,
Storm the tiger's den—that I dare.
Why then pick on me to guard the village?
(Changes to "to pan")
I must see the Chief of Staff at once
And tell him again what's on my mind.
My resolve is to fight on the battlefield,
For I've pledged to kill them all.

(Medical Orderly enters.)

Medical Orderly: Pao!

Pao: Sister, put in a word for me. Let's go and see our Chief of Staff.

(Pao rushes Medical Orderly along. Shao comes out from Yung-chi's house.)

Shao: Hey, what are you two talking about?

(Yung-chi enters.)

Pao: Uncle, let me go.

Shao: Well, the militia have got to protect the village, too.

Pao: Humph, I hate that Vulture so much, I've got to kill him with my own hands. How could you keep me here? I must go.

Shao: But you're too young, Pao.

Pao: What, me too young?

Medical Orderly: Chief of Staff, Pao is class-conscious and skis well. She's a good shot, and she can help me look after the wounded. Do let her go.

Yung-chi: Commander, this girl has been through much bitterness and is thirsting for revenge. Let her come along with us.

Shao: Militia leader, you're feeling the same way, eh!

Yung-chi: Let it be so.

Shao: So you are all of one mind. All right, then. It's settled.

Pao: Hurray! (Exit, leaping for joy, followed by Medical Orderly.)

Yung-chi: Commander, the prisoners Luan Ping and Howling Wolf have been taken away. It looks like we're about to attack Tiger Mountain, eh?

Shao: Impatient, aren't you?

(Yung-chi grins.)

Shao: How long should it take us to reach the back path of the mountain at the rate we ski now?

Yung-chi: It's eighty *li* longer than the direct approach. I think we can do it in a day and a night at most.

Shao: Good. See that your militia is fully prepared.

Yung-chi: I'll see to that! (Exit.)

(Chung and Lu enter.)

Lu: Chief of Staff, why should we be marking time here? The comrades can all ski as fast as required....

Chung: And the militia has been organized.

Lu: And we've been sent reinforcements....

Chung: I think we ought to set out immediately. I'm sure we can win.

Shao: Comrades, we should guard against impetuosity at critical moments. (*Sings "hsi pi san pan"*)

Wait patiently for orders —

Chung: Right. (*Exit with Lu.*)

Shao (*sings and changes to "hsi pi yuan pan"*):

Although I've urged patience

I can't keep calm myself.

The day to close in on the enemy is nearing.

But there's no sign of Shen returning with the message.

If anything goes wrong....

(*Changes to "kuai pan"*)

I've another idea. We mustn't miss

Our chance at the Hundred Chickens Feast.

Yung-chi says there's a dangerous

Trail up the back of the mountain,

Surprise and courage will carry us

Charging into Tiger Hall.

(*Lo shouts and enters.*)

Lo: Shen is back, Chief of Staff.

(*Shen enters.*)

Shao (*hurries forward*): Comrade Teh-hua.

Shen (*hands the message over, panting*): I'm not late, am I?

Shao (*takes it*): No, go and get some rest.

(*Exit Shen supported by Lo.*)

Shao (*eagerly reads message*): "...A steep trail up the back of the mountain leads directly to Tiger Hall.... Burning pine torches will be the signal...." (*Excitedly*) Good Old Yang! Hero! Hero!

(*Young Kuo shouts offstage: "Chief of Staff!" He enters running, followed by Ta-shan and Yung-chi.*)

Young Kuo: Report, Chief of Staff. When the train reached West Branch River, the bridge had been wrecked. We got out to repair it and were attacked by bandits. We drove them off....

Shao: What about those two prisoners?

Young Kuo: Howling Wolf was killed by a stray bullet.

Shao: And Luan Ping?

Young Kuo: He escaped while we were chasing the bandits.

Shao: Escaped? (*Aside*) If he heads for Tiger Mountain, that'll be dangerous for Comrade Yang, and it may ruin our plan. (*Turns to Young Kuo and Yung-chi*) Assemble the detachment, quick.

Young Kuo and Yung-chi: Right. (*Exit.*)

(*A rail is struck, the call to fall in.*)

Shao: Comrade Ta-shan, you and Hunter Chang take over the defence of the village.

Ta-shan: Right.

(*Soldiers, militia and villagers enter.*)

Shao: Comrades! (*Sings "hsi pi san pan"*)

The situation has suddenly changed,

Our task is pressing,

Every second counts.

To arms, comrades,

Let's fly forward.

Forward march!

(*Dark change.*)

(*A snowstorm. Soldiers and militia with Yung-chi as their guide set out quickly, braving wind and snow.*)

(*At the foot of a cliff, they remove their skis. One soldier starts climbing and slips; two others mount, carrying ropes. One of them slips and tries again. They lower the ropes when they reach the top. Shao and his men grasp the ropes and follow.*)

(*When the soldiers descend a slope, some roll down, others leap. They press onward quickly and boldly.*)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE TEN

CONVERGING ON HUNDRED CHICKENS FEAST

Lunar New Year's Eve. In Tiger Hall.

(The curtain rises amid shouting: "Bring 'liutzu' in!")

(Two bandits enter with Luan Ping.)

Luan: Chief.

Vulture: Luan Ping!

Luan: Yes, sir.

Vulture: Adjutant Luan!

Luan: Chief.

Vulture: What brings you here?

Luan: I've come — to wish you a happy birthday. Ho, ho....

Vulture: Where did you come from?

Luan: I....

Vulture: Humph!

Luan: I....

Terribles: Speak!

Luan: I....

Terribles: Out with it!

Luan: I ... I've come from Commissioner Hou.

Vulture (sneers): So you've been with Commissioner Hou.

Luan: Yes.

Vulture: Summon Old Ninth!

Bandit: Old Ninth, you are wanted.

(Yang enters, an Officer of the Day sash across his chest.)

Yang: Everything is ready for the feast, Chief.

Vulture: Look who's here, Old Ninth.

Yang (startled at the sight of Luan Ping but controls himself instantly.

Seizing the enemy's weaknesses, he decides on the course of action to take): Oh, Brother Luan. Why have you come here? How are you getting along? What post did Commissioner Hou give you? I, Hu Piao, congratulate you on your promotion.

Terribles (mockingly): What are you now — a regimental commander? (Laugh.)

(Luan is bewildered.)

Vulture: What kind of post did Commissioner Hou give you?

Luan (recognizes Yang and smiles wickedly): Hu Piao, my eye! No... you're mistaken....

Yang (sternly): Me mistaken or you the one who's mistaken? I, Hu Piao, was friend enough and was playing the game. Not at all like you, Luan Ping. I advised you to join Brigadier Tsui, but you tried to drag me off to Commissioner Hou. You can't say I wasn't playing fair. (Presses on.) Answer Chief. What business brings you here?

Luan (turns away from Yang): Chief, listen to me....

Yang: Cut it out. Today is Chief's fiftieth birthday. There's no time for your nonsense.

Vulture: Right. Come to the point. I want to know why you've come.

Luan: To join Chief's forces.

Vulture: Oh!

Yang: Then why did you go seeking an appointment from Commissioner Hou?

(Luan gets confused, stumbles.)

Yang: Why has the commissioner sent you here? The truth, now!

Terribles: Out with it and quick! Why have you come?

Luan: I'm not from Commissioner Hou.

Bandit Chief of Saff: That's not what the bastard said a moment ago. He certainly changes his tune fast. Quite a bird.

(The bandits laugh uproariously.)

Luan: Stop laughing! You've been fooled. He is not Hu Piao. He's a Communist armyman!

(Terribles draw their guns and point them at Yang.)

Yang (*calmly*): Ha, ha, ha! Well, so I'm a Communist armyman, since you say so. Now tell Chief and big brothers here more about this Communist armyman.

Vulture: That's right. You say he is not Hu Piao but a Communist armyman. How did you come to know him?

Luan (*stammers*): He... he... he....

Bandits: Heh.

Luan: He....

Yang: All this fellow can do is stammer and contradict himself. He's up to some trick, Chief.

Bandit Chief of Staff: I bet he was caught by the Communists, and then released.

Luan: No ... no....

Yang: Did the Communists set you free? Or did they send you here?

Terribles: Speak!

Luan: I....

Bandit Chief Adjutant: The Communists sent you, didn't they?

Terribles: Speak. Be quick!

(*Luan stares, tongue-tied.*)

Yang: Chief, our defences on Tiger Mountain are absolutely watertight, and the Communists can't get in. But now this fellow has come. There's something fishy about this.

Luan (*hastily*): There isn't. I swear!

Yang: Luan Ping! (*Sings "hsi pi kuai pan"*)

Capricious, sinister fellow,

Your evasiveness surely conceals tricks.

To our fortress you came, leaving your tracks

In the snow for the Communists to follow.

(*Walks to the steps and calls.*)

Captain —

(*Bandit Captain comes forward.*)

Bandit Captain: Here.

Yang (*sings*): *Double the guard and keep a close watch,
Let no one off duty without my order.*

Vulture: Right. Without Old Ninth's order, no one is to leave his post.

Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

(*Terribles nod approvingly.*)

Vulture (*comes down from his seat, grasps Luan and throws him to the ground*):

You treacherous dog. First you tried to get Old Ninth to go with you to Commissioner Hou. Now you come here to divide us and want to bring the Communists in. This is too much.

Luan: He's not Hu Piao, Chief. He's really a Communist armyman.

Yang: What a snake you are, Luan Ping! (*Walks down the steps.*)

You're trying to do me in by Chief's hands. Too bad I didn't bump you off when we had drinks at White Pines Dale.

Terribles: That's right.

Yang: Chief, I've never let myself be pushed around by little men. For your sake, I've offended this mad dog so he's attacking me viciously. If you believe that I'm a Communist armyman, then finish me off at once. If you believe that I'm Hu Piao, then permit me to leave this mountain. It's either him or me; keep him or keep me. You decide as you please, Chief. (*Removes his sash and tosses it onto the ground.*)

(*Vulture dumbfounded.*)

Bandits: You mustn't leave, Old Ninth, you mustn't leave.

Terribles: Old Ninth mustn't leave, Chief.

Bandit Chief of Staff (*picks up the sash and hands it to Vulture*): Old Ninth mustn't leave, Chief.

Bandits: Old Ninth mustn't leave.

Vulture: Don't be childish, Old Ninth. Put it on, put it on. I will treat you right. (*Laughs.*)

(*Bandit Chief of Staff takes the sash from Vulture and puts it on Yang.*)

Bandit Chief of Staff: Put it on.

Luan (*realizes the situation is going against him, pleads*): Chief....

Vulture (*brushes him aside*): Humph! (*Returns to his seat.*)

Luan: Chief! (*Prostrates himself before Yang.*) Brother Hu Piao!

(*Yang ignores him.*)

Luan (*slaps his own face*): I'm trash, I'm worthless, I ought to be hanged!

Yang (*shouts to the assembled bandits*): The hour has come. Let everyone congratulate Chief on his birthday.

Bandits: Get ready, everybody. Congratulate Chief on his birthday!

Bandit Chief of Staff: It's your fiftieth birthday today, Chief. You mustn't let this cur spoil everything.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: It will be bad luck for Tiger Mountain if you don't blot out this evil star.

Bandits: Yes. He must be killed, killed!

Luan: Big brothers, Brother Hu Piao, Chief....

(*Luan kneels down before Vulture.*)

Vulture (*laughs ominously*): Ha! Ha! Ha!...

Luan: Chief, spare me!...

(*Vulture waves his hand.*)

Terribles: Kill him!

Luan: Chief, spare me!...

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Take him away.

Yang: I'll do it. (*Seizes Luan, who is paralysed with fright.*)

Luan: Old Ninth!

Yang (*sings "hsi pi kuai pan"*):

You've robbed and killed for dozens of years,

Your bloody hands have committed towering crimes.

To avenge the people, in the nation's name,

I sentence you to death.

(*Drags him out. Shots are heard. Yang re-enters.*)

Yang: Everything is ready for the celebration. Allow us to offer our respects, Chief.

Vulture: You're Officer of the Day, Old Ninth. You take over.

Yang: Brothers!

Terribles: Here.

Yang: Light the lamps in the hall, burn pine torches outside. Let's offer our best wishes for Chief's birthday.

(*Bandit Captain enters.*)

Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. It's time for the celebration. (*Exit.*)

Terribles: Best wishes to you, Chief.

(*Terribles and other bandits bow to Vulture.*)

Yang (*jumps on a stump*): Brothers, let's eat and drink our fill. Get good and drunk.

Bandits: Right. We'll get good and drunk.

Yang: Please be seated at the table, Chief.

Vulture: After you, brothers.

Yang: It's your fiftieth birthday, Chief. You must be seated first.

Terribles: Yes, yes. You must be seated first, Chief.

Vulture: All right. Let's go. (*Beside himself with elation.*) Ha! Ha! Ha!

(*Vulture leaves for adjoining cave room. Bandits file in after him and begin feasting. Bandit Captain enters.*)

Yang (*steps down the stump*): Captain!

Bandit Captain: Here.

Yang: Call in the brothers on guard and let them drink their fill.

Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

(*Bandits can be heard playing rowdy drinking games in adjoining cave room.*)

(*Yang returns to the stump and looks around.*)

Yang (*sing "hsi pi kuai erh lin"*):

The mountain is a blaze of lights on New Year's Eve,

(*Walks down the stump.*)

This is the signal to our troops.

*The Hundred Chickens Feast has started as planned,
The bandits are drunk and befuddled.
I hope the comrades will come quickly
And smash this den of stubborn enemies.
How time drags, when I'm impatient,
Why haven't the comrades gone into action?
I long to go out and have a look.
(Controls himself. Changes to "yao pan")
But I must keep calm at this critical moment and block this secret tunnel.
(Points at the spot below Vulture's armchair.)*

(Vulture, Bandit Chief of Staff and others enter drunk, staggering.)

Vulture: Why don't you join the feast, Old Ninth? Everyone wants to drink to your health.

Yang: Today's your fiftieth birthday. It's your health we should be drinking to. Fill the Chief's bowl.

(Everyone drinks.)

(Shots are heard. Bandits throw down their bowls. Terrible B, wounded, enters running.)

Terrible B: The Communists have sealed off the entrance to Tiger Hall with machine-guns.

Vulture: Let's get out, brothers. Hurry!

Bandits: Charge! Charge!

(PLA men, offstage, yell: "Lay down your guns or die!")

Vulture: Into the tunnel with me, Old Ninth, quick. *(Pushes over the armchair, but Yang shoves him aside.)*

Yang: You're not getting away!

(PLA men charge in shouting: "Lay down your guns or die!")

Vulture (to Yang): What! You're....

Yang: A member of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Vulture: Ah!

(Vulture draws his gun. Yang knocks it out of his hand. Vulture runs off.)

Bandits follow.)

Shen: Old Yang!

Yang: There's a secret tunnel here, comrades. Rescue the villagers and catch Vulture alive. *(Runs to pursue Vulture.)*

Shen: Charge, comrades!

(PLA men follow.)

(Shen fights with a Terrible. Bandit Chief of Staff enters and raises his pistol and fires at Shen, who dodges. Bullet hits the Terrible and kills him.)

(Lo rushes in after another Terrible. They fight. Pao pursues a bandit. They wrestle. She subdues him. She and Lo lead prisoners off.)

(Yung-chi, Medical Orderly, soldiers and militia, with villagers the bandits had been holding captive, walk across stage and are off.)

(Bandit Captain enters, running. Yung-chi shoots him dead. Another bandit runs in and is captured by Yung-chi.)

(Vulture enters, followed by two bandits, fleeing wildly. Yang pursues them and shoots the two bandits dead. He and Vulture lock in struggle.)

(Chung and soldiers chase on Bandit Chief Adjutant and bandits. They fight.)

(Yang grabs a gun and kills several bandits.)

(Shao, Shen, Yung-chi, Medical Orderly, Young Kuo and militia enter. They capture Vulture and all the bandits.)

(Pao, raging, wants to stab Vulture. Medical Orderly holds her back.)

Shao (pumps Yang's hand, very moved): Old Yang!

Yang: Chief of Staff!

(Shao introduces Yung-chi to Yang. The two warmly clasp hands. Dramatic pose.)

(Final curtain)

Strive to Create the Brilliant Images of Proletarian Heroes

— *Appreciations in Creating the Heroic Images of Yang Tzu-jung and Others*

Guided by the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, the modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has again been revised and polished to reach a greater degree of perfection. It has made its appearance before the public in a new presentation of heightened grandeur and power.

Eleven years have passed since it was first adapted and performed. But it came to life only in the last seven years, seven glorious years from early 1963 to the present day marked by sharp class struggles at every turn, during which the revising of the script proceeded under Comrade Chiang Ching's direct leadership and with her personal participation.

This article was written by the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai.

In mid-January 1963, Comrade Chiang Ching made an investigation and study of the sphere of literary and art work, and in Shanghai came across this opera. She saw that while there was much that was trashy in its content it provided, in a way, the possibility of presenting contemporary life through the medium of Peking opera. Therefore she decided to take it over and transform it thoroughly. From then on this theatrical piece and the Peking opera it represents have steadily embarked on the revolutionary road guided by Mao Tsetung Thought. It was also from then on that the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and company started their flagrant attacks and wrecking activities of one kind or another against this opera and the revolution in Peking opera.

This struggle finds expression in many ways: the struggle between those who adhere to Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art and those who oppose it; the struggle for winning over the literary and art circles between the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao and the bourgeois headquarters headed by Liu Shao-chi; and the struggle, as regards ideas on art, between those who adhere to the principles of "making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China" and "weeding through the old to bring forth the new" and to the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism and those who want to preserve the old order, prostrate before anything foreign and follow other erroneous tendencies. In creative work, the chief problem, the focus of acute struggles, is the characterization of heroes.

The theme of an opera or play is reflected by the images of characters, and the plot is laid with the characters in mind, the leading character being the most important one. Who is to be the leading character means which class is to dominate the stage and the representative of that class to hold the centre of the stage.

Our great leader Chairman Mao points out: "If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and

working people: it must be one or the other." This profound Marxist-Leninist thesis of Chairman Mao's shows, from the nature of class and the nature of art, the fundamental difference between proletarian literature and art and bourgeois literature and art of all times. The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and counter-revolutionaries like his agent Chou Yang and company in literary and art circles spared no pains to eulogize and puff the kind of literature and art which sings the praises of the bourgeoisie. At the same time they opposed all efforts to create the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers and made it possible for ghosts and monsters to hold the proletariat and other working people in subjection on the stage. Proletarian art cannot effectively set up and eulogize the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers on the stage without going through extremely acute and arduous struggles.

Guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art, we have smashed the various schemes of the class enemies, criticized their various fallacies and created the brilliant images of Yang Tzu-jung and other proletarian heroes by the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. Not particular individuals in real life, these heroic images are the quintessence of thousands and thousands of heroes coming to the fore in revolutionary struggles. They are **"on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life."** The heroic image of Yang Tzu-jung in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is a brilliant example without parallel in the art history of mankind, the image of a communist fighter battling bravely for the complete liquidation of all exploiting classes and the system of exploitation itself, a powerful weapon to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and a mighty force to **"help the masses to propel history forward."**

Now we shall dwell at some length on some of our appreciations in creating the heroic image of Yang Tzu-jung.

Depict from Different Aspects the Splendid Images of Proletarian Heroes by Combining Revolutionary Realism with Revolutionary Romanticism and Highlighting the Inner Thoughts and Feelings of the Characters

How to depict proletarian heroes in images that are lofty and mature and shining with brilliance is a political task of prime importance facing us today, a new subject in the proletarian revolution in literature and art. Here lies the fundamental difference between proletarian literature and art and the literature and art of all exploiting classes, including bourgeois literature and art during the "Renaissance" and the "Enlightenment Movement" and bourgeois literature and art belonging to the school of critical realism in the 19th century.

If we are to tackle this new subject successfully, we must follow Chairman Mao's teaching of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism to put our heroes in the typical background of revolutionary class struggle in a given historical period, reveal completely, penetratingly and from various aspects the class traits of the proletariat embodied in their world outlook, thinking, style of work and moral fibre, show their high political consciousness, and bring out the rays of communism in their hearts. Such is the proletarian method of art used in characterizing Yang Tzu-jung, the proletarian hero in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*.

Yang Tzu-jung is a scout hero of the Chinese People's Liberation Army who is armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and imbued with revolutionary wisdom and courage, characteristic of the revolutionary proletariat. Seizing upon various parts of the plot and drawing on literature, music, dancing, acting, decor and other art media, we concentrated our efforts on depicting Yang Tzu-jung as a hero and made a point of projecting the following main aspects: While portraying his deep class feelings for the commander, the comrades and the working people, we also manifested his bitter class hatred for U.S. imperialism, Chiang Kai-shek, the bandits and all class enemies. While describing his firm revolutionary will to overthrow the Vulture bandit gang, lackeys of U.S.-Chiang reaction, we also showed his magnificent and high revolutionary ideals.

While defining his ideal of the Chinese revolution, we also referred to his ideal of the world revolution. While delineating his indomitable courage and soaring spirit, we also gave expression to the steadiness and poise, the sagacity and alertness in his make-up. The description of these facets in his character rests firmly on one essential point, the soul of the hero Yang Tzu-jung, and that is "the morning sun in his heart" — a red heart that is infinitely loyal to Chairman Mao and Mao Tsetung Thought. Thus Yang Tzu-jung appears before us as a fearless proletarian revolutionary hero, with largeness of mind and a thoroughgoing proletarian revolutionary spirit, one who in all circumstances gives prominence to proletarian politics. It is a brilliant image of a hero who is at once lofty and mature.

The road taken in the new presentation with regard to characterization is completely different from that taken in the original script.* Pursuing their reactionary political aims, a handful of representatives of the bourgeoisie did everything they could to smear Yang Tzu-jung in the old script. Under the pretext of "truthful writing," they blatantly clamoured for prominence to be given to Yang Tzu-jung's "daredevilry and dashing roughness," that is, "bandit-like airs." They therefore made Yang Tzu-jung hum obscene ditties on his way up the mountain to the bandits' lair, flirt with Vulture's foster-daughter, Rose, and tell ribald stories in the bandits' stronghold. The result was that they turned Yang Tzu-jung into a filthy-mouthed desperado and a reckless muddle-headed adventurer reeking with bandit odour from top to toe. Such a character can only be a living sample advertizing Liu Shao-chi's reactionary military line of putschism, adventurism and warlordism.

We criticized and repudiated this erroneous trend and made great efforts to achieve a typical portrayal of Yang Tzu-jung as a hero in the image of the proletariat. The following are some examples:

(1) The original script did not make the least mention of Yang Tzu-jung's contact with the masses, to say nothing of describing the flesh-and-blood relationship and class feelings between him and the

working people. This, however, is definitely indispensable to the creation of the images of proletarian fighters and to the implementation of the spirit underlying Chairman Mao's great directive **"Build stable base areas in the northeast."** Following Comrade Chiang Ching's instruction, we resolutely cut out the two scenes about superstition and murder which were specially written to play up the negative roles. These were replaced by a new scene "Asking About Bitterness," purposely designed to demonstrate the fish-and-water relationship between our army and the people and the flesh-and-blood relationship between the working people and Yang Tzu-jung who relies on the masses and conducts propaganda among them. It shows how with the help of the masses he pursues and captures Howling Wolf and secures more information about the Contacts Map and the Hundred Chickens Feast. Thus the two essential sides to his character — class love and class hatred — are clearly defined. Without describing these two aspects of his character, it would be impossible to detect the class traits in the hero's inner world and Yang Tzu-jung would remain a reckless adventurer divorced from the masses.

(2) Though the original script touched on how Yang Tzu-jung thrust his way into the bandits' stronghold, the mental groundwork preparing him for this action and for defeating the enemy was missing. This mental groundwork, however, is particularly important for an outstanding Communist and scout hero armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. As instructed by Comrade Chiang Ching, we therefore specially composed for Yang Tzu-jung in Scene Four, when he asks for the mission to go into the bandits' lair, a complete "song cycle," "A Communist" sung to the tune of *hsi pi yuan pan* at a free tempo and to the tunes of *erb liu* — *kuai pan*. This gives expression to Yang Tzu-jung's conscientiousness and determination in carrying out Chairman Mao's strategic and tactical thinking, to his high proletarian political consciousness and firm resolve and fighting will: "The flames that blaze in my red heart shall forge a sharp blade to kill the foe" and "Well I know that there's danger ahead, but I'm all the more set on driving forward." These characteristics of Yang Tzu-jung's are, to a certain extent, also brought out in the arias in Scenes Three and Five. As all this imparts to the character deeper ideological

*The one used before 1963.

meaning, one can see that Yang Tzu-jung is the representative of millions of worker-peasant soldiers who, nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, have grown up and been steeled in revolutionary wars. Without accentuating Yang Tzu-jung's high political consciousness due to his being armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, the audience would not know what ideological force propels him to go deep into the enemy's stronghold, and would even feel worried about him or even doubt if he could succeed in his mission.

Needless to say, the original script did not portray Yang Tzu-jung as a fighter armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Moreover, it did not even mention Mao Tsetung Thought for once, and yet invincible Mao Tsetung Thought is the soul of all heroes of the Mao Tsetung era. Failing to set forth a hero's political consciousness, the essential aspect of his character, the creation of the image of a proletarian hero is but idle talk. We have therefore completely altered Scene Eight and composed for Yang Tzu-jung a principal aria, which is the centre of the whole scene. As Yang Tzu-jung sings "the morning sun in my heart," he is giving the reins to his loyalty to the Party and the people and showing that Mao Tsetung Thought is the fountain-head of all his wisdom and strength. Without Mao Tsetung Thought Yang Tzu-jung would certainly be reduced to a nincompoop, a vulgar and miserable mountebank on the stage.

(3) In the original script, Yang Tzu-jung was cast as one who had no ideals of the Chinese revolution, not to mention ideals of the world revolution. What is more, he was described as having little understanding of the importance of the battle of taking the Tiger Mountain to the War of Liberation as a whole. He was engrossed in such nonsense as "In the endless sea of forest I have only my shadow as a companion," and "Besides skeletons and bloodstains, not a human being I see." That was what he was thinking all the time. For a proletarian hero the most essential political quality, however, is "to have the whole country at heart and the world revolution in mind," fight for the realization of communism — the **"supreme ideal of the future, a future of incomparable brightness and splendour"** — and resolutely fulfil every task assigned by the Party. Lacking this ideal, a hero on the stage would have

no largeness of mind and his image would not be great and noble. Accordingly we have thoroughly recast Scene Five and composed for Yang Tzu-jung a long aria set to the tune of *erh huang* followed by *hsi pi* to express his great and far-sighted ideal and lofty revolutionary ambitions — "Let the red flag fly all over the world," "and welcome in spring to change the world of men." This revolutionary ideal is articulated again in some arias in Scenes Three and Four too, as for instance, the aria "I'm set on smashing the chains of a thousand years to open a freshet of endless happiness for the people." We hold that a powerful portrayal of the noble communist ideal cherished at heart by a hero is an important content of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. Without revealing this side of his character, Yang Tzu-jung would become a dwarf who cares nothing other than what is right under his nose.

To reveal the two aspects of Yang Tzu-jung's character — his dash and courage as distinct from his sagacity and alertness — is also a point that should not be neglected. In order to demonstrate his courage and great aspiration — "Shake the heights with my will" and "with my courage the valleys fill" — we added a new prelude to Scene Five, which begins with stirring music illustrative of the hero galloping on a fine horse through a blinding snowstorm, followed by a new-typed *erh huang tao pan* of leisurely singing to the quick rhythm of percussion instruments to produce the effect of a valiant, singing Yang Tzu-jung entering at flying speed on his horseback. In this way, the audience will see with the mind's eye, even before the entry of the leading character, a dashing and dauntless hero approaching on horseback, whip in hand. We also designed for him a militant and sprightly horse-dance and tiger-killing dance after his entry to emphasize his courage and daring spirit. On the other hand, in order to display his sagacity and alertness, we laid stress, in the key aria in Scene Eight, on his careful reasoning, his quick wit and his ability to take quick decisions, which enable him to "know the disposition well." Besides we arranged for him three face-to-face battles of wits with Vulture and two with Luan Ping on different occasions. The two aspects mentioned above are further

stressed in the fight in Scene Ten. Obviously, without depicting Yang Tzu-jung's dash and courage his image would not appear lofty and radiant on the stage; and if his sagacity and alertness are not shown, his image would not give one the impression of firmness or maturity.

We followed the same principle in depicting the other heroic characters in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. Take Li Yung-chi for example. Typical of the labouring people, a victim of exploitation and oppression, Li Yung-chi has a revolutionary tradition behind him and feels a bitter class hatred for the Kuomintang reactionaries. Once his class hatred is aroused, enhanced and guided by the Chinese Communist Party and the People's Liberation Army, it generates inexhaustible revolutionary strength. In addition to depicting his blazing class hatred for Vulture, as he sings "You Vulture! I'll hack you to pieces for this blood debt," we show his affection for his mother and profound comradeship for Chang Ta-shan and other class brothers. Apart from representing him in an engrossing soliloquy — "these soldiers care for us folks and cure our ailments," we show the torrent of his feelings when he learns "Here before us our own army!" For generations the Li's had suffered from crushing class exploitation — "soldiers and bandits were of the same brood, always oppressing us" and "those lashes and bruises" — his is a family history written in blood and tears. When he knows that the saviour he yearns for has come at last, his pent-up anger at the enemy, together with his overflowing class feelings for the Party and the worker-peasant soldiers bursts forth all at once. His iron will and resolve to kill the enemy are strengthened as he vows "I'll go with the Party to drive out those beasts, whatever the sacrifice and danger, be it fire or water." By the description of Li Yung-chi giving information on the trail to the bandits' stronghold and acting as a guide in the skiing in Scene Nine and the fight in Scene Ten, the above-mentioned two aspects of his character are further developed. Thus, nurtured by the Party, Li Yung-chi makes steady progress and finally becomes head of the militia, a leader of the masses, who, by uniting with the People's Liberation Army, fighting and winning victories together with them, distinguishes himself in the battle to annihilate the enemy.

In order to adhere to the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, reveal in a large measure the inner thoughts and feelings of the characters and create, from different aspects and in a manner as complete as possible, the lofty and mature images of proletarian heroes, it is necessary to pay attention to combining breadth with depth in the layout. If attention is given exclusively to breadth to the neglect of probing the various facets, the outcome can only be a veneer of glossiness without substance, all-embracing but lacking in artistic power and ideological persuasiveness. Therefore, after laying out the plan for a thorough characterization of the hero, we must enthusiastically delineate his main thoughts and feelings and traits by making full and the best use of all artistic techniques; we must penetratingly and carefully show the facets of his character and strive to probe and reveal his splendid inner world. This demands meticulous work; rough handling will not do. In the course of revising the opera, workers, peasants and soldiers have given us many good and well-thought-out suggestions, which were of great help to our work.

The Depiction of Negative Characters, Positive Characters Other Than the Principal Hero and Environment and Atmosphere Must Unswervingly Serve the Purpose of Giving Prominence to the Principal Hero

A proletarian hero invariably shows his heroic mettle in fierce struggles against the counter-revolutionary forces, and in a revolutionary collective. Therefore, in the creation of proletarian literature and art, we must follow the principle of giving prominence to the principal hero by using negative characters as a foil, by setting off the principal hero with other positive characters, by a judicious use of environment and atmosphere. The handling of negative characters and secondary characters often to a great extent affects the image of the principal hero. In his *On Contradiction* Chairman Mao teaches us that the secondary aspects of a contradiction "in certain conditions . . . in turn manifest themselves in the principal and decisive role." So long

as we consciously apply this principle, the image of the principal hero can be made to shine, like a "bright moon against the clouds," in certain circumstances. On the contrary, if we go against this principle, if, for instance, we paint the negative characters in glowing colours, fall into the pit of "writing about middle characters" or go in for "claptrap," we shall dim, spoil or even blot out the brilliant image of the principal hero.

In dealing with this question, our experience tells us to pay attention to "three first places": Of all characters, give first place to the positive characters; of the positive characters, give first place to heroes; and of the heroes, give first place to the principal hero. Hence the arrangement of the characters, including both the positive and the negative characters, and the handling of the environment must be subordinated to this prerequisite — give first place to the principal hero. Now let us discuss this question from three aspects:

(1) Use negative characters as a foil to the principal hero. As Chairman Mao says, **"It, too, . . . portrays negative characters, but this only serves as a contrast to bring out the brightness of the whole picture."** A foil is a subordinate. Who is to place whom under subordination is a question of who is to exercise dictatorship over whom on the stage, a question of which class is to dominate the stage. Proletarian heroes should dominate our socialist stage at all times, while negative characters can only serve as foils to them. That is to say, when dealing with negative characters, we should start from what is required for creating the role of the principal hero. In other words, if negative characters are given the same weight as positive characters or if they are given blustering and domineering parts, the result will be a reversal of history with ghosts and monsters exercising dictatorship. Scene Six in the original script is a case in point. Here Vulture planted himself above all the others and dominated them, whereas Yang Tzu-jung was in a passive position, running after Vulture as his subsidiary. We have now reversed this reversal of history. In the first place, we have cut out those scenes in the original script which tend to boost the enemy's arrogance. We have shifted Vulture's seat from the centre of the stage to the side and made Vulture serve as a foil to Yang Tzu-jung from

beginning to end. When Yang Tzu-jung makes his entry he enters triumphantly to the accompaniment of militant music and occupies the centre of the stage all the time. With the help of singing and dancing, Yang Tzu-jung is shown to hold the initiative with him at every turn and lead Vulture by the nose round and round the stage. When he presents the Contacts Map, Yang Tzu-jung stands on a higher plane while Vulture, followed by the other bandits, comes forward flipping the dust off his sleeves obsequiously to receive it. This alteration in the original script has punctured the arrogance of the bourgeoisie and strengthened the morale of the proletariat. It has had strong repercussions. The masses of the revolutionary people rejoice over it. They say: "It's fine!" "It has indeed given the opera a complete transformation!" "Well done!" But the modern revisionists hate it, fear it and smart under it. They hysterically accuse us of "having completely ignored the laws of life and the rules of the stage." Now what are the "laws of life?" What are the "rules of the stage?" In a word, by the "laws of life" they mean "laws" for restoring capitalism and by the "rules of the stage" they mean "rules" for imposing the counter-revolutionary dictatorship of the bourgeoisie on the stage! Indeed, we have "completely ignored" such "laws" and "rules," and frankly speaking, we're going to smash them root and branch. That we have demolished the "rules of the stage" on which the exploiting classes reigned supreme before is indeed a tremendous victory for the proletarian revolution in literature and art.

(2) Use other positive characters to set off the principal hero. The relationship between the principal hero and the other positive characters is one of dialectical unity too. While the principal hero is one of the class and one of the masses, he is at the same time the representative of his class and the masses. The masses are the basis from which the hero springs, and the hero sets an example for the masses. It is only from a heroic collective that a great hero emerges. Therefore, in portraying the principal hero, while we must not alienate him from the masses we must, however, make him stand head and shoulders above the masses. When we create a heroic image towering above the ordinary positive characters, we

must also create a group of heroes who form the basis of the principal hero's existence and on whom the principal hero exerts his influence. However, the two must not be of one and the same stature. When portraying the ordinary positive characters we must give the principal hero primary consideration. Such portrayals must set off the principal hero with ordinary positive characters, who are not allowed to steal his show. On the other hand, we should on no account belittle the masses in order to show off the principal hero as a "superman," "a crane among a brood of chickens." For instance, in the original version* of Scene One of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, the curtain fell on Shao Chien-po instead of Yang Tzu-jung who had made his exit and therefore left the audience with an indistinct impression. Now in the revised version the curtain falls on a group pose with Yang Tzu-jung in the centre, a red flower set off by green leaves. Here, standing in bold relief among the heroes of the pursuit detachment, Yang Tzu-jung impresses one as being at once an ordinary and yet lofty figure from the very beginning of the opera. Again, for instance, in Scene Three the influential role of the hero Yang Tzu-jung among the masses is vividly and forcefully set off by Hunter Chang and Chang Pao. Scene Four is the most typical example in which Yang Tzu-jung is set off by other characters. Here the newly-added Party branch committee meeting and the democratic meeting stress the fact that Yang Tzu-jung draws inexhaustible strength from the Party leadership and his comrades-in-arms. The relevant arias and lines of dialogue by Shao Chien-po and Shen Teh-hua tell Yang Tzu-jung's life story and describe his class basis and political qualities as well as the complete confidence the Party and the masses have in him. Moreover, in the scene "Advancing in Victory," in "skiing" and "fighting," we have designed a completely new set of dances based on real life and drawing on some traditional dance forms to portray the high-spirited and militant heroes of the pursuit detachment, thus providing the mass basis of Yang Tzu-jung's "firm determination and great strength." All this serves to show convincingly that although Yang

*The one used before 1967.

Tzu-jung is by himself carrying on the fight in the enemy's lair, he has millions of class brothers by his side and their fervent red hearts warm him and give him boundless wisdom and courage. This is a very vivid embodiment of Chairman Mao's great thought on people's war.

(3) Make use of stage setting to bring the principal hero to the fore. The depiction of environment is an essential element in the portrayal of the principal hero. A successfully designed stage setting can do much good in revealing the innermost thoughts and feelings of the principal hero, while a poorly devised setting can weaken the effect or even do harm. Therefore, the depiction of environment, including decor, must be based on the characters, the principal hero in particular. If we pass the characters by and concoct something out of thin air, if we pay attention to matter and not to man, we shall be taking the road of bourgeois estheticism.

There has been a sharp struggle in this respect in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. For example, in the original script before Yang Tzu-jung went into the mountains, whenever the commander and fighters of the pursuit detachment appeared, the stage was invariably decorated with drooping branches and twisted tree trunks, which created a bleak and melancholy atmosphere utterly out of tune with the vigor, heroic spirit and fighting mood of Yang Tzu-jung and his comrades-in-arms. The stage setting we see now is completely different. Sturdy, towering trees form the background for Scenes One, Three, Four, Five and Nine. Especially in Scene Five, a forest of giant cloud-touching pines pierced by shafts of sunlight and echoing with resounding songs expressively and vigorously reflect the dashing and firm, staunch and fearless, heroic personality of Yang Tzu-jung. The stage setting for Scene Eight is a still more typical example. In the original script Yang Tzu-jung was cooped up in a dark narrow cave, which gave one the feeling of frustration and helplessness. This of course was fully in accord with the narrow-minded, humdrum and vulgar "ideal person" intended by the writers of the original script. It is obviously incompatible with the character of the hero we want to create, his largeness of mind and absolute fearlessness. Following Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions, we therefore criti-

cized this erroneous tendency and have made a thorough change in the environment and atmosphere of Scene Eight. Yang Tzu-jung now stands upright like a green pine in the snow on a majestic and precipitous mountain-top against a background of undulating hills and bright blue clouds and there rolls out that magnificent aria. When he reaches the line "standing in the bitter cold and melting the ice and snow, I've the morning sun in my heart," the sun-rays burst through multi-coloured clouds like a thousand spears and crimson the towering peaks. The splendid picture, coupled with the melody of "the east is red, rises the sun," forcefully symbolizes the lofty spiritual world of Yang Tzu-jung who "has the morning sun in his heart."

Cherish and Safeguard Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works

Chairman Mao teaches us: "The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch. After there is peace and order throughout the country, they will still engage in sabotage and create disturbances in various ways and will try every day and every minute to stage a come-back. This is inevitable and beyond all doubt, and under no circumstances must we relax our vigilance." In the course of creating *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, we have come to realize most profoundly that model revolutionary theatrical works were born and grew in the life-and-death struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines and that the images of proletarian heroes were created in this struggle after traversing an arduous and zigzag road. Since we set ourselves the task of creating revolutionary theatrical works, the class enemies have carried on their attack and sabotage without let-up. In different situations, the struggle took on different characteristics, and different tactics were used. When we began to create the role of heroes, they tried in vain to strangle the model revolutionary theatrical works at their birth. When these heroic images had established themselves on the stage, they adopted

the tactics of "stealing the beams and pillars and replacing them with rotten timbers," trying in a thousand and one ways to distort and defame the proletarian heroes. When the heroic images we created became more mature, they fell back on a still more cunning method: pretending to "love model theatrical works" while viciously trying to wreck them behind the scenes. Some tried to undermine our morale with the sugar-coated bullets of "flattery," "coaxing," etc., hoping for some modification or transmutation of these heroic images without our knowing it. There were charlatans who had the audacity to associate the heroes in the model revolutionary theatrical works with themselves or identify them as their relatives or friends, claiming preposterously that he or some one else was actually the character in a certain opera. Bragging about themselves they were trying to cash in politically, but their purpose was to undermine the prestige of the model revolutionary theatrical works. Recently a person by the name Sun claimed that he was Shen Teh-hua in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. He was in all places, boasting and bragging and trying his utmost to besmirch the heroic images of the People's Liberation Army. He slandered the heroic fighters who fear neither hardship nor death as faint-hearted cowards who want to lick the chicken bones left by the enemy, and caricatured the PLA commanders and fighters with high proletarian political consciousness as rascal-like mercenaries. In trying to discredit the PLA and undermine the model revolutionary theatrical works he has betrayed himself as a downright political pickpocket. We are extremely indignant at this. We would like to advise those kind-hearted comrades not to be hookwinked by such persons but denounce and condemn them and eliminate thoroughly the poison they spread. We should all cherish, safeguard and consolidate the model revolutionary theatrical works with a high sense of political responsibility and revolutionary vigilance. As to the abuses mouthed by the modern revisionists about our model revolutionary theatrical works, they can only reveal their weak, panic-stricken paper-tiger nature and prove that the model theatrical works have hit them at the vital spot. Model revolutionary theatrical works are our powerful ideological weapon for fighting imperialism and revisionism.

Looking back, the months and years were crowded; looking forward, we are filled with pride. Let us hold even higher the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and advance courageously. We must quicken our ideological remoulding so as to create more brilliant images of proletarian heroes and establish them forever on the stage and screen of socialism in the service of the people of our country and the people of the whole world.





Hung Cheng

To Find Men Truly Great and Noble-hearted We Must Look Here in the Present

— *In Praise of the Portrayal of the Heroic Image of Yang
Tzu-jung in "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy"*

Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy, a model revolutionary Peking opera improved and perfected again and again through indefatigable efforts, marks the high ideological level and splendid artistic achievement of the model revolutionary theatrical works. Like a resplendent banner calling to battle, it inspires the fighting will of the broad masses of revolutionary people and encourages them to strive for the all-round dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie in the realm of the superstructure.

Symbolized by the sparkling successes of the model revolutionary theatrical works, the proletarian revolution in literature and art is an important component part of China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. It is different from the bourgeois "Renaissance" which

replaced one system of exploitation with another. It is different from the bourgeois "Enlightenment Movement" which left the system of exploitation intact. And it is different from China's "May 4th Movement" which was anti-imperialist and anti-feudal in content. The series of model revolutionary theatrical works personally fostered by our respected and beloved Comrade Chiang Ching has created images of proletarian heroes unknown in history, driven off the representatives of the landlords and bourgeoisie who dominated the stage for thousands of years and enabled the real masters of history to enter the realm of literature and art. Thus begins a new era in the history of literature and art.

The hero Yang Tzu-jung in the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is a typical example of proletarian heroes portrayed with a proletarian world outlook and proletarian artistic methods.

Typical Example of Proletarian Heroes

In order to consolidate their rule, all exploiting classes in history use literature and art to sing the praises of their representatives, depicting them as "saviours" and decking them out as "heroes." On the other hand, they regard the working people, the creators of history, as dregs. We must now reverse the history reversed by the exploiting classes and use proletarian artistic methods to portray the images of proletarian heroes in socialist literature and art so as to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Our great leader Chairman Mao has taught us: "Revolutionary literature and art should create a variety of characters out of real life and help the masses to propel history forward." What stands out as a remarkable achievement in the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is the conspicuous success in the portrayal of Yang Tzu-jung, a typical example of new proletarian heroes. The name Yang Tzu-jung, which in the last few years has become the personification of proletarian loyalty, courage and wisdom, has taken deep root in the hearts of the broad masses of workers,

peasants and soldiers. "A Communist always heeds the Party's call, he takes the heaviest burden on himself"; "Let the red flag fly all over the world, be there seas of fire and a forest of knives, I'll charge ahead"; "Standing in bitter cold and melting the ice and snow, I've the morning sun in my heart"; these and other noble words of Yang Tzu-jung have become watchwords heightening the fighting will of the revolutionary people, and today are on the lips of the workers, peasants and soldiers. The image of the proletarian hero Yang Tzu-jung glitters with the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought; it has become a tremendous spiritual force inspiring the revolutionary people in their march forward.

Yang Tzu-jung is a scout of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Years of hardening in battle have made him resourceful and sharp, intrepid and alert. But this is only one aspect of his personality. If attention were paid solely to depicting these characteristics and to stressing only the "thrills" in the plot and individual ability and cleverness, the result would be to distort the image of this hero, just as many plays and films in the past have distorted the images of other heroes. In accordance with Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions, the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group, proceeding from a deep understanding of the heroic character, has always kept the portrayal of the high political consciousness of this proletarian revolutionary fighter uppermost in mind and laid the stress on describing his boundless loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao and invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and his sincere and profound class feelings for the masses — the class traits of this hero who came of a family of hired labourers with a history of bitter suffering in the old society. By depicting the proletarian qualities of this hero, *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has created in Yang Tzu-jung an artistic representative of thousands upon thousands of heroes of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Apart from showing Yang Tzu-jung's great courage and wisdom, this opera has incisively described the deep roots of such courage and wisdom which result from being nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought and which stem from immense loyalty to the masses. The scene "Asking About Bitterness" is a most moving description of this.

While pursuing the bandits, Yang Tzu-jung runs into Hunter Chang. The latter recognizes Yang as the "fur trader" who has saved his child. But having just been robbed by the bandits Hunter Chang is suspicious of Yang now in uniform. Yang Tzu-jung immediately tells the hunter who he is and the aims of the PLA. Hearing that the PLA has come into the mountains to fight the bandits, Hunter Chang and his daughter, who bitterly hate the bandit chieftain Vulture, are unable to hold back their pent-up anger. Before the PLA men, who are her kith and kin, Chang Pao, who till then has pretended to be a mute and disguised herself as a boy, sobs as she denounces the bandit chieftain for his crimes. Her angry accusation in this scene draws tears of sympathy. Roused to the utmost rage by her account of the bandits' crimes, Yang Tzu-jung solemnly declares: "Oppressed people everywhere have accounts to settle with their oppressors, they want vengeance, an eye for an eye, blood for blood." He has met or heard about thousands of people who have suffered like the hunter and his daughter. His own life in the old society was also one of misery. When he tells Chang Pao with deep proletarian feelings that "the Communist Party and Chairman Mao will back us up," "us" includes himself. A fighter whose duty is to save the people from their sufferings, Yang Tzu-jung is also one of them. While doing propaganda to encourage the masses to rise in struggle, he also is educated by them. Acting according to Chairman Mao's teachings, he carries out the PLA's discipline towards the masses, is concerned with their well-being, and does propaganda work and makes investigations among them. What he does as the leader of a scout platoon is quite ordinary, yet his deep proletarian feelings have enabled him to move "God's" heart, and this "God" is none other than the masses who regard him as one of their own and tell him everything they know about the enemy. Herein lies the inexhaustible source of his wisdom. His flesh-and-blood ties with the masses and his utter loyalty to the Party weld together to form a solid foundation that makes him courageous and fearless in the face of the enemy. In the scene "Into the Bandits' Lair," he is able to remain calm and unperturbed because he feels "millions of class

brothers are by his side." Confronted by the ferocious bandits, he is able to handle the situation to suit his purpose, because he has "the morning sun in his heart." The sudden appearance of the bandit Luan Ping in the scene "Converging on Hundred Chickens Feast" brings Yang Tzu-jung face to face with an extremely perilous situation. But he remains fearless before danger and completely ignores his own safety. Fierce and vicious, Luan Ping schemes to put him on the spot, but he has seen through the bandit's cowardice, which is his class nature and very well knows that Luan Ping dare not say anything about his capture by the PLA. Taking full advantage of this, Yang Tzu-jung triumphantly emerges from a passive and unfavourable position, seizes the initiative and outwits the enemy until his comrades join forces with him at the Hundred Chickens Feast to wipe out Vulture and his bandit gang. His courage is not that of a daredevil who risks his life for the self-interests of a few individuals or of a small group; his courage stems from his infinite loyalty to the revolution and the people. His wisdom is not that of a scheming politician manoeuvring for power and personal gain, but a correct judgment of the objective reality acquired from investigation and study for the purpose of upholding class interests and annihilating the enemy. All this is the result of his being nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought.

Since ancient times, a spate of literary and artistic works have portrayed many "wise" and "brave" characters, but has there been any artistic example like Yang Tzu-jung, who serves the people wholeheartedly and has flesh-and-blood relations with the working people and is imbued with the wisdom and courage of the proletariat? None! Never has there ever been any. Yang Tzu-jung represents thousands upon thousands of proletarian heroes in real life, a heroic image armed with great Mao Tsetung Thought, a new type of hero diametrically opposed to the so-called "heroes" of the feudal and capitalist classes depicted in the literary and artistic works of the past. Yang Tzu-jung in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* and the heroes in the other model revolutionary theatrical works have written a new page in the history of world literature and art.

Great Heroes Emerge from Tempering in Great Struggle

From the time he appears on the stage, Yang Tzu-jung is a mature proletarian hero. His lofty image is presented from different angles through his attitude towards the Party, the comrades, the masses and the enemy. If this hero can be compared to a big tree with deep roots and luxuriant foliage, then the great Chinese People's Liberation Army and the great revolutionary struggle it waged is the fertile soil which nurtures him. In this model revolutionary Peking opera Yang Tzu-jung is created on the basis of the penetrating description of the heroic struggle waged by this people's army. Through the heroic image of Yang Tzu-jung, the opera warmly praises the great people's army; and the penetrating description of the people's army in turn effectively brings out the proletarian hero Yang Tzu-jung's image in bold relief.

In Scene Four, "Drawing Up a Plan" the cross-examining of Luan Ping and the determining of the operational strategy make up an important link in the plot. But what impresses us strongly as the performance unfolds is the heroic spirit displayed by the lively and vigorous revolutionary ranks. The far-sightedness of the commander, the fighters' burning desire to go into battle, the brotherly relationship between officers and men, the spirit of the mutual encouragement between comrades-in-arms, the full military democracy and the decisive role of Party leadership — all this particularly warms our hearts. "A Communist always heeds the Party's call, he takes the heaviest burden on himself"; "Well I know that there's danger ahead, but I'm all the more set on driving forward." This aria sung by Yang Tzu-jung with soaring revolutionary sentiment expresses the aspirations of the commanders and fighters of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. The portrayal of this people's army greatly helps us understand hero Yang Tzu-jung. It is no accident that he has performed remarkable heroic deeds.

Directly commanded by Vice-Chairman Lin and following the great leader Chairman Mao's directive "Build stable base areas in the northeast" the People's Liberation Army in northeast China,

in the initial stage of the Liberation War, sent part of its forces deep into the rural areas where, in co-ordination with its field army, they fought to arouse the masses, eliminate the bandits, consolidate the rear and smash the attacks launched by the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries. *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* which tells the story of how a detachment of our army chases the bandits into the mountain forests and wipes out the die-hard bandit Vulture, is an epitome of this great struggle. Acting on Comrade Chiang Ching's instruction, the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group conscientiously studied the situation concerning the struggle between ourselves and the enemy in the northeast China theatre of war and our Party's operational strategy. It gives an incisive description of the historical background in which our heroes lived. This vivid description of the background of the whole struggle brings hero Yang Tzu-jung into the scene of the magnificent people's war and closely and organically links him with the whole situation in the great struggle.

At that time, the elimination of the bandits and arousing the masses were two interrelated tasks. Without doing the second, our army could not keep a foothold, and thus could not eliminate the bandits; and without eliminating the bandits, the masses could not be truly aroused. *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* tells how the People's Liberation Army arouses the masses and relies on them to wage war, which is the red line running through the entire opera. After the scene "Drawing Up a Plan," the special task taken on singly by Yang Tzu-jung to penetrate the bandits' lair synchronizes the detachment's task of arousing the masses after it enters Chiapi Valley. The stirring episode "the army and the people awaiting the signal to attack these wolves" which shows how the detachment arouses the masses in Chiapi Valley greatly helps us understand the arduous struggle being carried out by Yang Tzu-jung in the bandits' lair and how it affects the destiny of the broad masses, and thereby fully demonstrates the profound significance of Yang Tzu-jung's actions. These few scenes showing how our army arouses the masses to action are linked with the thrilling struggle waged by Yang Tzu-jung in the enemy's lair. Interrelated and complementing each other, these two aspects form a complete entity. Those who are

active in these scenes — the detachment commander, railway worker Li Yung-chi and his mother, Hunter Chang and his daughter Chang Pao and those fighters eager to go into battle — all appear with their special characteristics in this magnificent picture. And it makes hero Yang Tzu-jung stand out most conspicuously.

Li Yung-chi, who has bitter hatred for the enemy and has never seen the People's Liberation Army, is quite aware from personal experience of the fact that in the old society "soldiers and bandits were of the same brood." Therefore, when his kin the Liberation Army men suddenly appear, he first mistakenly takes a hostile attitude towards them. But when his sick mother is cured and saved by the fighters who are filled with proletarian feelings, he begins to change from being vigilant against them to being suspicious of them and from that to taking a great interest in them. As soon as he learns that our army is the people's army which has "come to destroy the reactionaries and change the world," he, with mixed feelings, regards the Liberation Army men as his own kith and kin and voices his strong desire to follow the Communist Party unswervingly and throw himself into the Liberation War. He says: "Whatever the sacrifice and danger, be it fire or water, when Tiger Mountain is being swept clean and free, I, Yung-chi, in the front ranks will be." Little Chang Pao, whose grandmother was killed by Vulture and her beloved mother driven to death by him, had for eight years been looking at the stars and the moon in the dark sky, longing for the sun to rise from behind the mountains. When the detachment comes into Chiapi Valley to arouse the masses, this little hunter, who had disguised herself as a boy, turns into lively and brave militia girl. On the eve of attacking Tiger Mountain to wipe out Vulture, she, rifle in hand, eagerly asks to go into battle, saying: "My resolve is to fight on the battlefield, for I've pledged to kill them all." While it portrays Yang Tzu-jung's heroic image, the opera fully demonstrates the people's role and their place in people's war, thereby enabling us to envisage a magnificent scene of hundreds of millions of oppressed people up in arms under the brilliant guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought. The emancipated people form a revolutionary

torrent, with numerous heroes coming to the fore and Yang Tzu-jung is their most outstanding and mature example.

The portrayal of Yang Tzu-jung, a proletarian hero in this revolutionary model Peking opera, is inseparably linked with the penetrating description of the great era in which he is brought up. It is a new era with Mao Tsetung Thought as its great banner. The brilliant sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought lights up these heroes, Chairman Mao's revolutionary line guides them forward and the great storm of people's war steels them. It is a great era which has no parallel in history. Only such an era can raise such great heroes as Yang Tzu-jung.

Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy created under the personal guidance of our respected and beloved Comrade Chiang Ching has, by its profound ideological content and its high artistic attainment, established the heroic image which reflects the great struggle in this great era and opened up vast new vistas for the development of proletarian literature and art.

Clear-Cut Principle of Proletarian Party Spirit

Chairman Mao teaches us: "In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics." *The Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces With Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* also points out: "Ours is the literature and art of the proletariat, the literature and art of the Party. The principle of proletarian Party spirit is the outstanding feature distinguishing us from other classes."

Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy eulogizes the proletarian hero Yang Tzu-jung by its clear-cut proletarian stand and with profound proletarian feeling; at the same time it exposes with intense proletarian class hatred the essence of the class enemy — cruelty, trickery, foolishness and decadence. This sharp contrast leaves an indelible impression

of the image of the proletarian hero Yang Tzu-jung on the audience.

Negative characters in an opera or play are necessary because without them there would be no antithesis and the positive characters could not stand out prominently. But should the main emphasis be on portraying the creators and masters of world history or should most of the space be given to describing and playing up the reactionary demeanour of the enemy? Place our heroic characters in the centre or let the negative characters play the main role? This is a matter of class stand, a matter of whether one sides with the positive characters or the negative characters. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching **"It, too, . . . portrays negative characters, but this only serves as a contrast to bring out the brightness of the whole picture,"** the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group first of all stressed giving the proletarian heroes and the revolutionary masses a prominent place and delineating their heroic mettle of **"determining to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."** As to negative characters like Vulture who will be tossed onto the garbage heap of history, the opera exposes with hatred and contempt their paper-tiger nature: they are outwardly strong but inwardly weak and are only putting up a desperate death-bed struggle.

Viewed solely from the development of the plot, the scene "Up the Mountain" is only a simple episode in which Yang Tzu-jung replies to the bandits' questioning and is led up the Tiger Mountain. But how brilliantly and powerfully this revolutionary model Peking opera handles this scene! Carrying the hopes of the people, Yang Tzu-jung gallops into a snowy forest and expresses a revolutionary fighter's lofty aspiration to the surrounding mountains: "Let the red flag fly all over the world, be there seas of fire and a forest of knives, I'll charge ahead. I wish I could order the snow to melt and welcome in spring to change the world of men." His aria as well as his accompanying acrobatic dance fully convey the hero's lofty spirit before battle to the audience. "Killing the tiger" which follows immediately further highlights Yang Tzu-jung's dauntlessness, auguring well for his penetration into the bandits' lair. When the bandits enter into the scene, the expression of fright on their faces at the dead tiger and

their silly and disgusting manner in questioning Yang Tzu-jung stand in sharp contrast with the courage Yang shows even after killing the tiger.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"When we look at a thing, we must examine its essence and treat its appearance merely as an usher at the threshold."** To unite and educate the people and to encourage the fighting will of the revolutionary people, proletarian literature and art, the literature and art of the Party, must take Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought as its guide to observe and assess life, and probe through appearance to reveal the essence of things which is not immediately visible to people. The scenes in which Yang Tzu-jung fights the enemy face to face enable us to be strongly aware of the clear-cut principle of the proletarian Party spirit that went into creating this revolutionary model opera and the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism developed to the fullest extent.

In the scene "Into the Bandits' Lair," the bandits are many against a solitary Yang Tzu-jung who comes to "take shelter" as a bandit called Hu Piao. The enemy appears "strong" and Yang is "alone." Yet the essence behind this phenomenon is: Vulture and his gang, who are absorbed in their lust for gain, are only a swarm of flies dashing themselves against the wall of a blind alley, while Yang Tzu-jung is a revolutionary proletarian fighter armed with Mao Tsetung Thought who has behind him the support of the broad masses. To describe a superficial phenomenon from a bourgeois viewpoint or to bring to light the essence of the struggle from the proletarian viewpoint — these are two diametrically opposed lines in creation of literature and art. In trying to undermine this revolutionary model opera, the counter-revolutionary revisionists did their best to exaggerate Vulture's "arrogance" and emphasize Yang Tzu-jung's "bandit-like airs." Their attempt suffered a shameful defeat. In describing the superficial phenomenon of the "offering of the Contacts Map" by Yang Tzu-jung disguised as a bandit, the opera never fails to tell the audience that Yang is a proletarian hero, and to let them know that the enemy is weak, little and nothing at all. The excellent characterization deeply reflects the essence of things, reveals the mental outlook of

characters from two antagonistic classes and embodies the hope and demand of the proletariat.

In creating this revolutionary model opera, every idea and every design is based on actual life. But what it reflects is not just ordinary daily life. "Life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life." In accordance with Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group uses the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism to create the brilliant image of the proletarian hero Yang Tzu-jung. By its entirely new protagonist, its entirely new theme and subject matter, and also its entirely new method of creation, the opera has shown itself to be totally different from the literature and art of all the exploiting classes.

The revolutionary model opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has established an outstanding example for us in the portrayal of the heroic images of the proletariat and in carrying on the struggle-criticism-transformation on the literary and art front. It is an important landmark which indicates the entering of a new stage by the revolution in China's literature and art. The brilliant image of the hero Yang Tzu-jung is certain to encourage us in our great earth-shaking struggle against imperialism and modern revisionism. A powerful spiritual force is sure to turn into a powerful material force.

"To find men truly great and noble-hearted

We must look here in the present."

Workers, Peasants and Soldiers on "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy"

EDITORS' NOTE: The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, after being meticulously revised and polished, was staged on October 1969 on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China. The new script was recently published in *Hongqi* as well as in various newspapers throughout the land. It was also broadcast everywhere. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers have written many articles in praise of the opera. We publish here three of them.

Jen Yung-hung

Learn from Revolutionary Fighter, Yang Tzu-jung

Ours is a great era, with Mao Tsetung Thought as its glorious banner. Gathered beneath this banner are millions of China's finest sons and daughters and loyal proletarian fighters. Yang Tzu-jung, in the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is an

outstanding example of this type of fighters. He sets an excellent model for us to follow.

We should emulate his courageous defence of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, his staunch armed struggle, his fighting spirit of "Be there seas of fire and a forest of knives, I'll charge ahead."

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Without armed struggle neither the proletariat, nor the people, nor the Communist Party would have any standing at all in China and it would be impossible for the revolution to triumph."**

This teaching is a bugle call inspiring us to boldly advance. Do we dare to raise the banner of armed struggle and call on the people to take up arms and plunge into battle? This is the test of a revolutionary and a Marxist-Leninist. Yang Tzu-jung carries out Chairman Mao's instructions to the letter. He dares to rouse the initiative of the masses, to engage in armed struggle. How different from the handful of revisionists, who are afraid of armed struggle, who dare not rouse the masses to take up arms, who can only beg the enemy to "lay down their knives and become saints," hoping that "brigands would reform and become men of virtue."

The campaign in the northeast in 1946 was in fact a fierce struggle between the two classes, the two roads, and the two lines. Vice-Chairman Lin Piao resolutely carried out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and boldly defended it. In the spirit of **"leave the high road alone and seize the land on both sides"** so as to **"build stable base areas in the northeast,"** he strenuously pushed mass work and carried out resolute armed struggle. But the counter-revolutionary revisionist Peng Chen, who had usurped an important post in the northeast, stubbornly implementing the capitulationist line of big renegade Liu Shao-chi, advocated that we abandon armed struggle. He dreamed that it was possible to talk peace with the Kuomintang reactionaries, and openly opposed Chairman Mao's correct line, as carried out by Vice-Chairman Lin Piao.

It is against this background that *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* describes Yang Tzu-jung's participation in intense class struggle. It is a battle without quarter. Standing solidly on the side of the proletariat, Yang fights on the foremost front. He dares to wrestle with

demons, not yielding an inch to tyrants, while carrying out resolute armed struggle, enthusiastically and boldly defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. We see plainly with what resolution and strength Yang implements the directives of our great leader Chairman Mao. Yang is a worthy and loyal soldier of Chairman Mao, our great supreme commander.

Another thing we want to learn from Yang is his behaviour as "A Communist always heeds the Party's call, he takes the heaviest burden on himself," his spirit of continuing the revolution, of waging revolution to the end.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Communists should be the most far-sighted, the most self-sacrificing, the most resolute, and the least prejudiced in sizing up situations, and should rely on the majority of the masses and win their support."** Yang Tzu-jung, standing before us, is just such a Communist as Chairman Mao demands. Completely loyal to the Party and Chairman Mao, Yang fights with dedicated courage for the nation, the oppressed classes and the Party. Born in a hired hand's family, "from childhood he struggled on the brink of survival." His bitter childhood roused a deep hatred in Yang for the evil old society. He gradually came to realize that a purely spontaneous class hatred could not bring victory. Therefore, "burning with hatred, he found his salvation in the Communist Party and took the revolutionary road." After joining the PLA, he closely followed our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, and became "a Communist always heeds the Party's call, he takes the heaviest burden," "a veteran in battle, he's distinguished himself many times."

But Yang did not become complacent over his achievements in the course of revolutionary struggle. He continued waging revolution, he never stopped advancing. In the scene "Drawing Up a Plan" Yang, in high spirits, seeks a battle assignment. "I'm set on smashing the chains of a thousand years to open a freshet of endless happiness for the people," he sings. A vivid manifestation of Yang's noble mentality. His glorious past, his present accomplishments, do not make him conceited, or eager for fame and advantage, or arrogant.

He remains modest and reserved, thinking only of sending the rotten exploitative society to its grave and waging revolution to the end.

We have enormous difficulties ahead before we can attain the great ideals of communism. Our cause needs millions of heroes like Yang Tzu-jung. Yang has the motherland in his heart, and the entire world in his mind. This we must learn from him, and his far-seeing revolutionary ideals. He vows "to uproot exploitation." "Let the red flag fly all over the world," Yang exclaims.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: "The final victory of a socialist country not only requires the efforts of the proletariat and the broad masses of the people at home, but also involves the victory of the world revolution and the abolition of the system of exploitation of man by man over the whole globe, upon which all mankind will be emancipated."

The bold vision of this directive is like a shining lighthouse, illuminating the road of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is like the beat of a battle drum, stirring us to raise the red banner and fight to the end for the liberation of all mankind.

Yang's mental vision goes far beyond the PLA company of which he was a member. China and the whole world are his concern. An advanced proletarian fighter, he is determined to wage the revolution to the end, and always links his own immediate work to world revolution. From the day he "found his salvation in the Communist Party and took the revolutionary road," he vows "to uproot exploitation."

His every action demonstrates his concern for China and the world, and his determination to fight for the liberation of all the suffering people throughout the globe. He pleads for his risky assignment, sets out at once on horseback, kills a tiger and goes to the bandits' lair. He sings: "Well I know that there's danger ahead, but I'm all the more set on driving forward." He does so in order to hasten the burial of the old system of exploitation, to "let the red flag fly all over the world" and "welcome in spring to change the world of men." "Let the red flag fly all over the world." This brief sentence is the crystallization of Yang Tzu-jung's world outlook. We can see

him contemplating the turbulent storms, we can hear him solemnly vowing to the Party and the people: We shall overthrow not only the Vulture, but all imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries. We shall not leave the battlefield until every savage beast has been destroyed and all mankind liberated.

The object of our struggle today is to "let the red flag fly all over the world" and "welcome in spring to change the world of men." Whoever abandons this goal or ceases to strive is not a true proletarian revolutionary. Yang's nobility of spirit lies not only in his lofty ideals, but in his willingness to make any sacrifice to attain them.

"I shall not rest until my mission is fulfilled," "To write history I'll willingly shed my blood." Thus he says, and thus he does. Throughout the struggle to capture the bandits' stronghold, he devotes his red heart to the people, risks death a dozen times, and engages in many a battle with no quarter given.

Sunlight and rain nurture the green pine, the era of Mao Tsetung brings forth heroes. Only in the great new era of Mao Tsetung Thought could a loyal fighter like Yang Tzu-jung have appeared. "The Party's every word is victory's guarantee, Mao Tsetung Thought is eternally glorious." "Melting the ice and snow, I've the morning sun in my heart." The morning sun is Chairman Mao, it's Mao Tsetung Thought. Yang's sturdy maturity once again proves beyond any doubt that Mao Tsetung Thought is a source of strength, a crystallization of wisdom, a powerful ideological weapon against imperialism, social-imperialism and reaction in every land.

Such strength is inexhaustable. As we victoriously advance in battle, Yang Tzu-jung is a model for us to emulate. His lofty spirit glows like a torch, eternally burning in the hearts of our revolutionary fighters. We must learn from him, closely follow our great leader Chairman Mao, and give our all to realize man's noblest communist ideals.

The True Bastion of Iron

Under the close attention of the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, the modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has been refined and revised many times. It has become more brilliant and appealing than before. Its penetrating theme and lofty heroic images make a deep impression on us.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution."** This opera fully embodies Chairman Mao's brilliant thinking on people's war.

Not long after a small detachment of the People's Liberation Army comes to the deep forest they get on the trail of Vulture and his gang. Yang Tzu-jung captures Howling Wolf, goes deep into the enemy's lair and finally brings about the complete annihilation of the enemy, "welcoming in spring to change the world of men." What does he rely on? On invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and **"the millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution"** and who are armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

In the scene "Asking About Bitterness," Yang Tzu-jung enlightens and educates Hunter Chang and his daughter Pao with Mao Tsetung Thought, enabling them to pour out in a breath the bitterness that had rankled in their hearts for eight long years. They express their strong class feeling and resolve to collect their debt of blood as Pao sings: "We longed for the time when the sun would shine over these mountains. . . . If I only had wings I'd take my gun and fly to the summit and kill all those wolves."

Father and daughter take up their axe and hunting gun, join in the battle and serve as Yang Tzu-jung's guides to track down Howling Wolf. With their help Yang Tzu-jung succeeds in capturing Howling Wolf and the Contacts Map in the deep and snowy mountain

forest. Favourable conditions are thus created for taking the bandits' stronghold. In this scene, not only is the hero Yang Tzu-jung powerfully depicted, but also the great role of the masses in people's war is fully presented.

Emphasis is laid on railway worker Li Yung-chi in the scene "Arousing the Masses." When the PLA detachment enters the village Li Yung-chi mistakes they are Vulture's bandits who have come to pursue him. He takes out his dagger, stabs it into a table and gets ready to fight out with it. But when he sees that "these soldiers care for us folks and cure our ailments, they are considerate, kind and helpful," he realizes that the saviours he has longed for have really arrived. Li feels "ashamed" and pushes down the dagger.

These acts express his extreme hatred for the class enemy and his infinite love for the people's army. He who has "been sweating like a slave for thirty years" swears: "I'll go with the Party to drive out those beasts, whatever the sacrifice and danger, be it fire or water, when Tiger Mountain is being swept clean and free, I, Yung-chi, in the front ranks will be!" The process of Yung-chi's awakening vividly illustrates the effectiveness of propaganda among the masses by the small detachment which then organizes the masses and arms them. Yung-chi voices what is in the hearts of the revolutionary masses in Chiapi Valley.

In the ninth scene a new passage is added to show how Pao asks to join the battle. It reflects the rapid growth of young people when educated by the People's Liberation Army. Amid shouts of "Charge! Charge!" from the drilling ground, Pao enters militantly. She dances and sings robustly, manifesting her fighting will. "How I long for the day when the bandits are slain and a blood debt repaid," she sings. "My resolve is to fight on the battlefield for I've pledged to kill them all." Pao is no ordinary girl by now, she has grown into a militia girl with a high political consciousness and a strong revolutionary spirit.

Li Yung-chi and Pao are typical of the millions of masses who have been awakened, organized and armed. Because we have such masses and solid unity between the army and the people, Vulture and his gang have no way out and come to their doom. On the New

Year's Eve in a howling snowstorm, the small PLA detachment and the militia charge into Tiger Mountain and wipe out the bandits.

The true bastion of iron is the millions of masses armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Today, we must learn from Li Yung-chi and Pao their revolutionary spirit of scorning hardships and death, strengthen unity between our soldiers and civilians, and further consolidate the great bastion of iron. If the U.S. imperialists and social-imperialists dare to invade our great motherland, we will, like Yung-chi and Pao, take up our hunting guns and, as soon as the order is given, go together with the PLA to beat the foe. Let the wolves dash their heads to pieces against our irresistible great bastion of iron!

Liu Hsun-wen

The New Victory of Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line in Literature and Art

The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has been brought to a higher perfection politically and artistically and has become more cohesive, much enhancing its appeal. Our great leader Chairman Mao has paid close attention to the opera, and Comrade Chiang Ching has given careful guidance and leadership to its production.

With boundless love for Chairman Mao, I finished reading the script at one sitting, as soon as the revised version was published in October, 1969. I also listened to the opera several times on the radio. I was moved and educated.

When Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art exercised dictatorship over us, feudal emperors, kings,

generals, ministers, talents and beauties dominated the stage. We steel workers were very angry about this.

Since the advent of proletarian revolution in literature and art, Comrade Chiang Ching has personally guided the creation of several revolutionary model theatrical works that are "full of youth and vitality, sweeping the world with the momentum of an avalanche and the force of a thunderbolt." They blossom with freshness and beauty in the garden of proletarian literature and art, and are pearls in the world's treasury of literature and art. The more we steel workers hear and see them, the better we like them. They inspire us with revolutionary drive and strengthen our revolutionary will. In our mill, from dawn to late at night, as we stand before glowing steel furnaces, or beside the rolling mill where red hot bars writhe like golden dragons, or at the foot of the towering blast furnaces, we can hear the music from these revolutionary model works over our loudspeakers. We steel workers have all learned to sing them.

I am a steel worker, and I love the arts. I am determined to hold a steel rod in one hand and a pen in the other, as I stand before my furnace, to keep the revolution in my heart and the world in my mind, to fight heroically for the strengthening of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the emancipation of the broad labouring masses of the world.

In the spheres of superstructure, we must exercise dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. "A Communist always heeds the Party's call, he takes the heaviest burden on himself." We will produce more and better steel, dealing hard blows to the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries.

The revolutionary path is tortuous. With Comrade Yang Tzu-jung as my example, "like the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains, I shall break through every obstacle, let the flames that blaze in my red heart forge a sharp blade to kill the foe," and be worthy of our great leader Chairman Mao and our great socialist motherland!

Li Tao-lin

A Veteran Worker's Hands

The hands of Wang
Are big and strong.

This pair of hands, born into
A world of misery and strife,
Cupped his mother's tears,
Tugged at his father's sleeve.

This pair of hands,
Groped through the dark night,
Carried a beggar's staff,
Fought off Japanese invaders....

Hands, this pair of hands!
Dared to wrestle with wolves,



Smashed the "man-eating" machine,
Choked the overseer to death,
Waved the workers on to strike,
Lent a helping hand to the wretched.

This hand, the right,
Before the Party's standard was raised
In a resolute vow to closely
Follow Chairman Mao in battle.

The east is red, the sun arises,
Hands wave joyously in celebration,
With spirits soaring and volition strong,
Hands build socialism creatively.
Hideous Liu Shao-chi tried to tie these hands,
In his criminal attempt to drag us backwards.
Chairman Mao initiated the Cultural Revolution,
Master Wang clenched his iron fists.

With these proletarian hands
He unhorses Liu, the big scab, and turns the globe.

Now, these hands of Master Wang,
Hold the writings of Chairman Mao,
Their radiance spreading,
Far and wide.
They raise the red flag of the worker's
Propaganda team, which flutters in the breeze.

These hands of Master Wang are a lesson
To revolutionary teachers and students,
And the opponents to the death
Of the old educational system.

As we celebrate our motherland's twentieth anniversary,
Behold! This same pair of hands,
Upholds Chairman Mao's portrait,
At the head of the parade.

Han Shu-hua

To the People Culture Returns

At full gallop our motherland flies,
How charming are our mountains and rivers;
Prodigious results in the Cultural Revolution,
To the people culture returns.

Not a word did we recognize in the past,
Today, the treasured books are ours,
Chairman Mao's quotations we can read aloud,
And act according to what he says.

In every village loudspeakers abound,
All over the land Chairman Mao's voice spreads;
With world affairs we are familiar,
Our revolutionary resolve is strong and firm.

Han Shu-hua is a commune member.

Condemning arch-traitor Liu Shao-chi,
Commune members become critics with voice and pen,
Poisonous weeds make good fertilizer,
Revolutionary flowers bloom everywhere.

Schools spring forth in the commune,
The students mostly cowherd kids,
In the school they can wield a pen,
In the fields they can guide a plough.

Home-grown experts in our commune
Dress and behave the same as us,
Their clothes are dirty, their hearts are red,
The crops and cattle obey their commands.

Home-grown authors in our commune
Can write and speak and edit and act,
Our people take part in the theatre and press,
Every commune member is filled with joy.

Clinics set up in our commune,
"Bare-foot" doctors call on patients at home;
Armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, they are skilled
In the cure and prevention of disease.

We haven't the words to express our joy,
To the people culture returns,
The Cultural Revolution shakes heaven and earth,
Our countryside changes enormously.

A thousand songs and ten thousand tunes
In praise of our great leader Chairman Mao,

His kindness, so immense and so profound,
The five continents and four seas cannot contain.

Chairman Mao, oh Chairman Mao!
We poor and lower-middle peasants are loyal to you,
Socialism is certainly good,
Closely following you we will advance.

Forward charge, for ever forward,
Who dares prevent us will meet his death.
Carry the revolution through to the end,
Red flags of victory will soar over the world.

Ting Yung-huai

Night Expedition

In the dead of night,
The north wind roars, snow falls hard,
A "bare-foot" doctor, by lamplight,
Sits reading the brilliant article —
In Memory of Norman Bethune.

Tap, Tap....
Anxious knockings break the silence;
"Doctor, doctor!"
An urgent call outside the door.

Medicine-kit across his shoulder,
Hurrying into the teeth of the wind,
He ignores the piercing cold,
Serving the people is his noble mission.

Wind and snow draped, he dashes in,
Filling the room with a breath of spring.
Affectionately they greet each other,
Hot blood warming everyone's heart.

Careful examining, heedful nursing,
Devotion brings the patient through,
A critical case is out of danger,
Thanks to the doctor's skilful hands.

Outside the window dawn lights the east.
Says granny, as tears well up in her eyes,
"You are the poor and lower-middle peasants' dear one.
A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The wind subsides, the snow has stopped,
Returning home, the "bare-foot" doctor
Is singing a song from within his heart:
"The east is red, rises the sun...."

Lou Chen

Old Han

A pair of greasy hands,
Face black as coal,
Broad shoulders, robustly built,
Amiable and familiar with everyone,
He is the head
Of our revolutionary committee,
All of us, however,
Call him intimately:
"Old Han!"

Hurrying into the workshop,
Busy at the construction site,
Up on the crane,
Down into the ditch,

Lou Chen is a worker.

With strength never-failing,
He can, in one step,
Cross Mount Tai,
Nothing like a man of fifty,
In his heart blooms always a flower.
When he stands
Before the smelting furnace,
The blaze is dazzling bright;
When he comes
By the control-panel,
Motors sing in the glow of sunset.
"How is Old Wang getting along?"
"What's on Little Chang's mind?"
Wherever there is difficulty,
There you are sure to find him.

On this New Year's Day,
His son's going to be married,
The wedding, certainly, he must attend,
But instead, he leads us in testing
An automatic valve.

Whether at meetings,
Or in ordinary chats,
Always he speaks
Like a surging river,
Not a bit like a person
With only one and a half years of school.
When he talks of revolutionary principles,
Everyone listens respectfully.

He speaks of
Comrade Chang Ssu-teh, who,
Serving the people,
Feared not the collapse of a kiln;
Of selfless Doctor Bethune
Who came to China
From thousands of miles
Across the sea;
Of the Foolish Old Man
Whose unwavering resolve
Removed high mountains;
Of battles during the War
Of Resistance Against Japan;
Of struggles during
The land reform movement.

He speaks of
Liu Shao-chi's sinister schemes,
Of his venomous book
"Self-Cultivation."

He speaks of
Changes in the last twenty years,
Of the bitterness and sweetness
Of past and present.

Once when I was troubled,
He showed me a scar on his leg,
And told me what he went through,
Herding cows as a child.

From this I came to understand
Why we must be fearless
Of hardship and death.

He speaks out
Whatever is on his mind,
But of his own merits
Old Han never talks.

Wei Hsia-an

The Most Powerful Song

The greatest leader is Mao Tsetung. The most powerful song is *The East Is Red*.

*The east is red,
Rises the sun....*

It has a grand powerful rhythm, a succinct melody and a forceful impact. Like billows in an angry sea, like thunder and lightening across the wide sky, it roars and surges forward. It shakes the land, rocks the entire world and stirs the souls of all people.

With this song ringing in the air, the veil of darkness recedes, the sun peeps over the horizon, the earth awakens and the revolution triumphs.

The song wings over lofty peaks and vast plains, sweeps across seething rivers, seas and oceans until it spreads to all corners of the globe, hovering and resounding in the sky.

It is on the lips of toddlers, robust youth as well as silver-haired old people. It is sung in various languages by revolutionary people

of various pigmentation, in various national costumes. Their voices combine into a gigantic revolutionary current which runs irresistibly forward triumphing and conquering wherever it flows.

It is a paean, new and beautiful, to the revolutionary leader of the proletariat. It is the voice of the revolutionary people the world over, and strikes the highest note of our times. It is a battle drum, a bugle call, a greeting to victory.

The East Is Red was born twenty-seven years ago in 1942, when our motherland, our nation, ridden by sorrows and hardships, was going through a great ordeal. It was a dark period when the fascist brigands were riding roughshod over our people with the utmost brutality. After the Japanese imperialists occupied a large part of our country, they changed their counter-revolutionary tactics. They increased military pressure on Chiang Kai-shek and at the same time induced him to surrender politically. This left them free to concentrate their forces against the liberated areas and the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army led by the Communist Party. The Kuomintang reactionaries, "good at fighting civil wars but poor at fighting foreign invaders," dared not attack the Japanese brigands but turned their spearheads against the Communist Party again and again. The anti-Communist forces, both at home and abroad, ran wild. Indeed, oppressive dark clouds hung everywhere. But we came through our difficulties. The liberated areas led by Chairman Mao, particularly the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia border region, were prosperous and full of vitality.

In the fierce struggle the Chinese proletariat and working people, after paying the price in blood, finally found the proletariat's most distinguished leader of the present era, Chairman Mao. It was he who saved the people. The liberated areas which he established were the basis of the future nation. The revolutionary people in the liberated Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia border region were filled with the joy at having become their own masters. This love, faith, veneration and loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao knew no bounds!

In Changchiachuang Village of Chiahsien County, northern Shensi, lived a poor peasant called Li Yu-yuan (1903-1955). He was one of the millions of working people who became the masters of the country.

He was a sheep tender, a manure carrier and a tiller of the soil. This poor sufferer in a mountain gully saw with his own eyes the earth-shaking changes in the border region. His world, which had been utterly dark, became immeasurably bright. This created a fundamental change in his outlook. Tillers of the soil are diligent, honest and warm-hearted. His joy at being emancipated plus the literacy he had acquired in part-time schools, enabled him to compose a revolutionary song in praise of Chairman Mao.

The inspiration came to him one winter morning in 1942 when he was walking in high spirits towards the Chiahsien county seat. At top of a bluff he saw a striking sight: As the night vanished into the azure vault of heaven, a red sun was slowly rising in the east. Sunlight brightened his face, warmth flooded his heart. A pungent fragrance emanated from the earth. Birds resting in the valleys took wing towards the sun....

At that moment, the happy, colourful life and heartfelt feelings stirred rich imagery within Li Yu-yuan. A marvellous idea came to him: Isn't our great leader Chairman Mao like the rising sun? Doesn't he disperse the darkness and expels the demons? Doesn't he give the people the right to live and point the way for China and bring light to the world? Yes, Chairman Mao is the red sun in the hearts of the people, their great benefactor.

Strong proletarian feelings set his blood racing. His strides became all the more quick and light, buckets on his shoulder-pole swinging in rhythm. He hummed and sang. Words, filled with emotion, poured out:

The east is red,

Rises the sun.

China has brought forth a Mao Tsetung.

For the people's happiness he works,

He is the people's great liberator.

This is *The East Is Red*, the song revolutionary people have been loudly singing ever since.

Because *The East Is Red* expresses the aspirations of the working people and their profound proletarian feelings for the Party and

Chairman Mao, it spread quickly in the villages and army units around Chiahsien County when people heard it performed by various theatrical troupes.

In the spring of 1944, seventy people from Changchiachuang Village moved to Yen-an. They sang *The East Is Red* all the way through Michih and Suiteh counties. The song spread wider among the people of the Anti-Japanese base areas. Later, amplified and constantly improved by the working people, *The East Is Red* became the great song it is today, inspiring the masses to continue forward and make revolution.

The East Is Red sings of a socialist China.

"The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history," says Chairman Mao. "Chairman Mao loves the people," the song runs. Chairman Mao is for ever linked heart-to-heart with the people. The beacon fires on the Chinkang Mountains, the footprints on the Long March, the lamplight in the Yen-an cave-dwellings testify to this. They comprise a magnificent poem chronicling our great leader Chairman Mao's love for the nation and the people.

"Chairman Mao, he is our guide," the song continues.

The wind fills the sails, the beacon shows the course. The speedy wind sends us onward through endless waves, the light illuminates our long journey.

It was under the leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao that the Chinese people, in order to "build a New China," courageously pressed ahead. After overcoming difficulty after difficulty, they defeated the Japanese aggressors and brought to end the reactionary rule of the Chiang regime. From then on the people of China have really stood up and become genuine masters of the country.

Nevertheless, the revolution is not over. It will continue, since **"... the defeated class will still struggle. These people are still around and this class still exists."** The agents of the bourgeoisie hidden in the Party, with Liu Shao-chi as their representative, attempted to usurp the fruits of victory, to reverse the wheels of history, and restore capitalism.

Today, though Liu Shao-chi and his gang are bankrupt, we cannot speak of final victory. We must not relax our vigilance. We must closely follow the strategic plan of our great leader Chairman Mao, be modest and prudent, unite as one to win still greater victory, and realize that **"the proletariat must exercise all-round dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in the realm of the superstructure, including the various spheres of culture."**

The singing of *The East Is Red* has ushered in a new era in which imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is heading for world-wide victory. **"The Chinese Communist Party is the core of leadership of the whole Chinese people. Without this core, the cause of socialism cannot be victorious."**

*The Communist Party is like the sun,
Bringing light wherever it shines.*

The historical experience of the Chinese revolution testifies that the Chinese Communist Party educated and built by the great leader Chairman Mao, with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought as its guiding principle, is the most reliable guarantee that:

There the people win liberation.

Without the Communist Party there would be no New China. Today, through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution our Party has become stronger, more united and purer than ever before. We must carry the cultural revolution through to the end under the leadership of the Party's Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader.

The road of history is a tortuous one. Revolution is never smooth sailing. The international communist movement also has its twists and turns. The modern revisionists have staged an all-round restoration of capitalism, causing the great Lenin's Party to go revisionist, and the liberated working people to become once more the slaves of the bourgeoisie. U.S. imperialism is showing its ferocious nature more openly than ever. It works hand in glove with modern revisionism doing evil, in a futile attempt to re-divide the world between them.

But, dark clouds can never hide the sun. The revolutionary people more than before recognize the counter-revolutionary nature of U.S. imperialists, modern revisionists and reactionaries of all countries. Genuine Marxist-Leninist organizations have sprung up like mushrooms. "Where there's the Communist Party, there the people win liberation." This is a certainty in the development of history.

Under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, the people of China will, as always, perform these proletarian internationalist duty until **"the abolition of the system of exploitation of man by man over the whole globe, upon which all mankind will be emancipated,"** and let the song *The East Is Red* ring throughout the world.

The greatest leader is Mao Tsetung. The most powerful song is *The East Is Red*.

Let's sing loudly the magnificent paean to the great leader Chairman Mao, hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, take strong revolutionary strides and advance courageously along Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line so as to win still greater victory.

Paeon to Tien An Men

Tien An Men, splendid and majestic, in step with our ever-prospering socialist motherland, has passed twenty years of its fighting existence.

During these twenty years New China has been advancing on the express train of our epoch with tremendous velocity. For twenty years New China has stood proudly in the East like a giant. It has been a magnificent twenty years, a militant twenty years! And the majestic, splendid Tien An Men is the best witness of this great age of ours.

Oh, Tien An Men, majestic, dignified Tien An Men! In these red-letter days when millions of civilians and armymen throughout the country are celebrating with ebullience and cheer the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, we, sentinels standing guard on Tien An Men Square, while gazing at the galaxy of lights in the People's Great Hall, seem to visualize the endless beacons of the Ching Kang Mountains flaming far into the hori-

This essay was written collectively by the guards at Tien An Men Square.

zon, as well as the oil lamps in the cave-dwellings of Yen an radiating dazzling beams of measureless lengths. Contemplating the Monument to the People's Heroes, we seem to hear the intensified battle drums, the bugle calls, the hundreds of thousands of heroes marching to various battle-fronts, with the bold resolve strengthened by bitter sacrifice, to wage war on festering evil, to bind fast the grey dragon, to drive out the Japanese invaders, and to exterminate the gang of Chiang Kai-shek. Chairman Mao pointed the direction with a wave of his hand, and hundreds upon hundreds of red flags unfurled fluttering in the wind. Viewing the resplendent Tien An Men with its myriad golden rays spreading in all directions, we experience a great surge of emotion in our hearts, because we see in our mind's eye a series of most heartening scenes that took place during the past twenty years:

As guards at Tien An Men, we saw time and again our great leader Chairman Mao mount with firm strides the rostrum on Tien An Men Gate. He waved his powerful hand, leading thousands upon thousands of fighting people to march triumphantly and heroically towards socialism. Again, during the turbulent, far-reaching Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, we saw with our own eyes more than once Chairman Mao reviewing eleven million revolutionary masses and Red Guards. We also saw on many occasions Chairman Mao coming down to the Chinsui Bridge with firm strides to shake hands and talk with the revolutionary masses. We heard with pride Chairman Mao's voice: **"Comrades, long life to you!"** From ancient times to this day, for thousands of years, over the expanse of hundreds of thousands of *li*, never before was there a voice so great, so cordial, so moving!

Chairman Mao's heart beats with those of the people. Each time we are steeped in great happiness and pride we cannot help exclaiming from the bottom of our hearts: "Oh, Tien An Men, you are a witness to a great age, the symbol of our people's happiness!"

The revolutionary people infinitely love Chairman Mao. People from all parts of our motherland come to Tien An Men Square by thousands. The first thing they do here is to salute Chairman Mao before his portrait on Tien An Men Gate, and the first sentence they

utter is "Long live Chairman Mao!" The first song they sing with passion is *The East Is Red*. During the first stage of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, in the hot summer, a group of workers from Wuhan, holding high the portrait of Chairman Mao, came here at midday, and took a solemn oath before our great leader: "For revolutionary principles, we are ready to give up our lives; to defend Chairman Mao we are willing to die!" They had an intense hatred for the scheme worked out by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi to restore capitalism in China. In order to defend invincible Mao Tsetung Thought they resolved to fight to the end against the bourgeois reactionary line pushed by Liu Shao-chi.

During the first winter of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, late at night on December 25, a batch of Red Guards, the moment they left the train, came straight to Tien An Men, braving the freezing cold, to paste a gigantic poster before Tien An Men Gate: "We wish a long, long life to Chairman Mao!" But the paste was frozen hard. The youngsters, however, were not to be daunted by the severe cold. With boundless devotion to Chairman Mao in their hearts, they melted the paste with their hot breath, while reciting: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** After two hours' hard work the poster was set up and began to strike the eye with its dazzling characters.

On the New Year Day, 1968, a veteran frontier guard brought us twenty big aromatic apples, requesting us to present them to Chairman Mao. It so happened that this frontier guard, a native of Shantung, had just been transferred from the province to Peking to support the Left. On the way he had visited his family. He told them: "It was the Party and Chairman Mao that rescued us from misery before liberation, and now I am assigned to work in Peking. This is a great happiness and honour for our entire family. What shall we send to Chairman Mao as a token of gratitude?"

After a full exchange of ideas they agreed unanimously: "The apples of Yentai are the best in our province. Let's present those to Chairman Mao to express our love for him!"

Having narrated the origin of these apples with hot tears in his eyes, the frontier guard reverently saluted Chairman Mao before his



portrait on Tien An Men Gate, and then said in a solemn voice: "I pledge myself to fulfil all the tasks you kindly assign me!" Then he walked with vigorous steps to his new fighting post.

The love of our people for Chairman Mao knows no bounds. Similarly, the love of the people of the world for Chairman Mao also knows no bounds. Foreign friends from the Five Continents, whenever they come to Tien An Men, unable to contain their strong emotion, burst out, raising their arms, exclaiming: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Some of them wrap a pinch of earth, some pick up a tree leaf from Tien An Men Square, and still others bottle a little water from beneath the Chinshui Bridge, as precious souvenirs for their comrades-in-arms or for their dear ones, so as to encourage them to fight valiantly for the emancipation of mankind, like their Chinese brothers.

How many foreign friends have joined us in dancing and singing in praise of our great leader Chairman Mao on great festive occasions! On May Day, 1967, foreign friends from the Five Continents gathered

in Chungshan Park, crowding on both sides of a lane waiting for the happiest moment when Chairman Mao in his open car was to pass through. The great leader was coming. Indeed, his open car arrived slowly amidst cheers. Glowing with excellent health and in high spirits, Chairman Mao standing in the open car waved to the masses continuously. When the car neared the foreign friends, how many pairs of eyes shining with tears turned to Chairman Mao, how many pairs of hands stretched to Chairman Mao! These friends were different in complexion and language, but at this very moment they burst forth simultaneously in an identical ovation: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

In the evening shortly after our announcement of the successful test of hydrogen bomb, our friends from heroic Albania came to Tien An Men Square. They joined us beating gongs and drums, cheering animatedly China's triumph in the experiment, affirming that this was a brilliant achievement made under the wise leadership of Chairman Mao, a great encouragement to the Albanian people now fighting on an outpost of the anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist front, a heavy blow to the atomic monopoly of the U.S. imperialists and social-imperialists. Our Albanian friends cheered and danced for joy. They shouted in unison with the Chinese people: "Long live Chairman Mao!" They stayed with us till very late at night.

Numberless are the foreign friends who have visited Tien An Men. They praised us, lifting their thumbs, saying: "Happiness, it's a great happiness for you to defend Chairman Mao, and to stand guard on Tien An Men Square. It is a great honour, it is also the will of the people of the world, for you to perform this task." They gazed at us with eyes of expectation. They placed in us their ardent trust of defending the great leader Chairman Mao.

In the glorious, jubilant days of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, thousands of representatives of workers, peasants and soldiers came to Peking to join the National Day rally. They surged to Tien An Men to report to our great leader Chairman Mao the outstanding achievements they accomplished on various fronts throughout the country. Friends in foreign delegations, too, surged to Tien An Men with great emotion. They

looked at us with cordial eyes, once again placing their ardent trust of defending Chairman Mao on our shoulders.

Yes, the task assigned us by our people, the deep trust placed in us by the people of the world, encourage us to take up this important task. We will not fail our people, we will not fail the people of the world. We will grasp still more firmly the steely guns in our hands, and with ever more sharpened eyes, defend resolutely with our lives Chairman Mao, defend resolutely with our lives Tien An Men.

A Revolutionary Museum in Wuchang

Our great leader Chairman Mao's former home in Wuchang and the old site of the Central Institute of the Peasant Movement run by Chairman Mao were opened as a museum in 1967 on the anniversary day of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

In the past two years, the museum has been visited by more than 1,200,000 workers, peasants and soldiers from all parts of China and by more than 3,800 friends from 44 countries. All have praised warmly its rich and profound contents. These old sites clearly manifest how 42 years ago Chairman Mao led the people of China in unswerving struggles against the renegade clique in the Party, headed by Chen Tu-hsiu, and how he valiantly defended and developed the great revolutionary practice of Marxism-Leninism.

On exhibition is the No. 2 Classroom where Chairman Mao delivered his brilliant Marxist-Leninist work *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*. It was here that Chairman Mao praised fervently the revolutionary peasant movement. "It's fine!" he said, encouraging tremendously the revolutionary movement of that time. There is also the site of the General Headquarters, an organization for military training. On exhibition are Hanyang-made rifles the students of the institute used at that time. The relics and photos on display

illustrate to the full the great revolutionary truth expounded by Chairman Mao: "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

At present, the personnel of the museum are trying to collect more exhibits. They are determined to make it a red post for popularizing Mao Tsetung Thought to the people of China and of the world.

Exhibition and Reproduction of the Oil Painting "Chairman Mao on Chinggang Mountains"

Chairman Mao on Chinggang Mountains, a large oil painting, was put on display in Kiangsi on the 42nd anniversary of the founding of the Chinggang Mountains revolutionary base by Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao's firm belief in the victory of the Chinese revolution, in spite of the very difficult conditions at that time, is clearly reflected in the painting. The map on his lap predicts the future of China and the world while the boulder on which he sits symbolizes the firmness and steadfastness of our revolutionary cause. The clear sky, sunlight and the flourishing revolutionary atmosphere show that Mao Tsetung Thought illuminates not only the Chinggang Mountains but all China and the world. The many red flags symbolize the Chinggang Mountains base as the single spark which will start a prairie fire.

The painting was displayed first in the Memorial Hall of the Establishment of the Chinggang Mountains Revolutionary Base by Chairman Mao, and then in a painting exhibition in the Kiangsi Exhibition Hall in Nanchang called "Struggles on Chinggang Mountains." In both places it was warmly acclaimed by thousands of visitors.

Happily the revolutionary masses said: "The creation of this painting is a tremendous victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. It is another flower of art like the revolutionary painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*."

This painting was done by Liu Chun-hua and others, the same painters who created *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*. It came into being after they have lived for some time in the Chinggang Mountains and studied Chairman Mao's revolutionary practice.

Works of Art by Workers, Peasants and Soldiers on Exhibition in Shensi

Works of art by the workers, peasants and soldiers in Shensi Province are on exhibition in the provincial exhibition hall for the first time.

The exhibits were done by them in the course of the three revolutionary movements — class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. They vividly reflect the great victory of Mao Tsetung Thought and Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, and depict well the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. The works of art stress proletarian politics and have good artistic form. The exhibition was warmly welcomed by the broad revolutionary masses.

Revolutionary Photo Exhibitions Held in Hongkong and Macao

Photo exhibitions entitled "Long Live the Great Leader Chairman Mao" and "Long live the Tremendous Victories of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" were held in Hongkong and Macao.

"Long Live the Great Leader Chairman Mao" displayed more than 60 fine photos vividly portraying the glorious image of our great leader Chairman Mao in various periods of the Chinese revolution. More than 240 photos were grouped under the title of "Long Live the Tremendous Victories of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," and presented a systematic record of this epic struggle.

Tens of thousands of people visited the exhibitions with great excitement. Many visitors said that the photos had given them a living lesson in politics. They came to understand better the wisdom and greatness of Chairman Mao and his great theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

After seeing the exhibitions, overseas Chinese and foreign friends enthusiastically praised the tremendous achievements of the Chinese people under the leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao in the socialist revolution and socialist construction.

Tanzania Acrobatics Study Group Gives Farewell Performance

The Tanzania Acrobatics Study Group gave a farewell performance in Peking on October 5, 1969, under the sponsorship of the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries.

They came to China in November 1965 to learn acrobatics. The Tanzania trainees have practiced very hard and learned exceedingly well. Their farewell performance before the Peking audience was punctuated with warm applause.

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